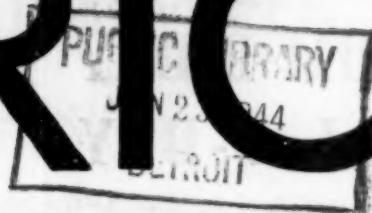


JUNE 24, 1944

AMERICA



THE INVASION OF EUROPE

Col. Conrad H. Lanza



DEMOCRACY NEEDS RELIGION

Hubert Hart

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PARSONS

BARRY
BYRNE

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OUR GERMAN PRISONERS

Stephen A. Leven

OUR LADY, SURETY OF ROME

Carola MacMurrough



THE POPE AND PEACE

Robert A. Graham, S.J.

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXXI

15 CENTS

NUMBER 12

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 24, 1944

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WHO'S WHO

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA, who reviews the diplomatic and strategic background of the great invasion of western Europe, bases his analysis on years of active service and observation, both in the Far East and Europe. Colonel Lanza is a frequent contributor to the *Artillery Journal*, and a former instructor in strategy in the War College. . . . ROBERT A. GRAHAM, S.J., formerly at Alma College, California, now a Contributing Editor of AMERICA, is active in the program for an equitable peace based on the seven-point inter-faith declaration. . . . HUBERT HART is Chairman of the Department of English at Stuyvesant High School, New York City. Although a non-Catholic, Mr. Hart has made a study of Catholic philosophy during the past years and feels, as do Catholic educators, that the error of identifying democracy with the teaching of agnosticism or paganism is an error destructive of our country's ideals and the dignity of man. . . . CAROLA MACMURROUGH, a Virginia Catholic who has spent many years in Rome, has a special interest in the religious legends of Italy and the Mediterranean countries. Here she presents another of her several applications of these legends to current history. . . . REV. STEPHEN A. LEVEN, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Tonkawa, Oklahoma, was appointed last year by the Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, to be official representative of the Catholic Church in providing for the spiritual needs of prisoners of war in the Oklahoma camps. . . . SISTER LEO GONZAGA, S.C. of L., whose essays on the Scriptures as literature have appeared in our columns before, teaches at St. Mary's College, Xavier, Kansas.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Fifth War Loan. After the fall of Rome, the President was quick to warn the country of the perils of overconfidence. He repeated the warning a day later when the country thrilled to the flash that the Allies had landed on the beaches of Normandy. In all truth, the ultimate goals of our fighting men, Berlin and Tokyo, are still a long way off, and the roads which lead there will be bitter and bloody. On the home front, there must be no relaxation of effort. The two great domestic battles, the battle for production and the battle against inflation, must be fought through to the end. Both battles have gone very well, indeed. American production has, without doubt, turned the tide of the war. Never before has the world seen anything like it. With the battle against inflation we must remain less satisfied. Although we have done well in controlling our roaring war economy, the threat of spiraling prices is still imminent. Indeed, it will remain so all during the course of the war and for many months afterwards. We cannot for a moment relax our vigilance. The Fifth War Loan, which happily coincided with the landings in France, gives every citizen an opportunity not only to provide our soldiers with the weapons of war, but also to strike a blow against inflation. Every dollar invested by individuals in war bonds is a dollar less pushing against price ceilings. For this reason, the Treasury hopes to raise \$6 billion of its record-breaking \$16 billion goal from the savings and current earnings of individuals. If we respond to this challenge to our patriotism and intelligence, the American dollar will continue to be, what it is today, the safest money in the world.

Congress and Inflation. With the war-bond campaign in full swing, the House of Representatives occupied itself with the Emergency Price-Control Act, which expires June 30. The Senate had already acted, and to such poor effect that the *New York Times*, hardly concealing its disgust, exclaimed editorially: "The Senate has passed an inflation bill instead of a measure to extend the Price Stabilization Act." Since the bill as passed would have the effect of raising textile prices, all wages below \$37.50 a week, the loan rate on agricultural commodities, and would, in addition, gravely weaken enforcement of price ceilings, no other conclusion is possible. So far, the House seems to be making a stronger fight against inflation-minded pressure groups than the Senate, although on several sectors it has given way badly. This spectacle so aroused Representative Jesse P. Wolcott, a Republican from Michigan and heretofore one of OPA's sharpest critics, that he rose on the floor to denounce letting down the bars for special groups. "In this case," he reminded his colleagues, "we

have a fundamental problem to solve—whether we shall win the peace by stabilizing our economy." And he warned the House that bending the line to accommodate the oil or the cotton or the textile interests would lead to an inflationary spiral which was bound to get out of control. But the pressures continued strong and it appeared at the week's end that, if the line was to be held, the President would have to hold it.

Peanut Politics. In the course of the debate over American participation in the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency (UNRRA), which quickly developed into partisan political discussion of the whole peace problem, Senator Tom Connally, of Texas, made an observation very much to the point. "This question," he said, referring to a postwar organization to keep the peace, "is bigger than political parties. This is a great world problem and I do not wish to treat it from a peanut attitude." And he pleaded with his colleagues not to label the country's foreign policy either Democratic or Republican, but simply American. This admonition could scarcely have come at a more appropriate time. Within the next few weeks, both major parties will assemble in convention, draw up their platforms and nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. Knowing the habits and records of politicians, we realize that it is almost utopian to expect them to take the peace problem out of politics. After all, more sacred things than world peace have in the past been subordinated to partisan political advantage. But Senator Connally is not alone today in decrying a "peanut attitude" on the most important question before the electorate. There are good men and true in both parties who are convinced that peace must not become the football of a partisan campaign. They know that unless we present to the world a united front on foreign policy, we shall risk losing our leadership and jeopardize the coming peace. Is it utterly futile to hope that in the seven-point "Pattern for Peace," sponsored by the nation's religious leaders, the platform-makers may find the answer to peanut politics?

Polish Premier. The general impression made by Mr. Mikolajczyk on his visit to the United States has been, according to a prominent Washington correspondent, that of "a moderate, reasonable man, with a sincere desire to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union." He found that his visit "created a new atmosphere, but did not create a new situation." The courtesy with which he was treated assured him that the United States has no intention of withdrawing recognition from his government. For the rest, however, the most he could hope for

was that Washington would use its good offices to bring Russia and Poland together again. One cannot help wondering whether United Nations diplomats suppose that international organizations exist merely to iron out minor disputes. You do not drive thumbtacks with a trip-hammer. The real test of our ability to prevent another war is whether we can arrive at an equitable and peaceful solution of just such questions as the Russian-Polish one.

Radio and the Peace. As we begin the Battle for Europe, the responsibilities of radio as a public facility increase. No one can complain that sufficient time has not been given to the frantic-voiced announcer bringing the latest bulletins to anxious ears, or to the commentator editorializing on the political issues involved; but the urgent need still remains of preparing the public mind for the larger tasks of peace, the tasks that the Seven Point Pattern for Peace envisions. Programs that nourish the roots of the Pattern should have a more conspicuous place on our airwaves. In England's crucial hour the BBC commissioned Dorothy Sayers to do a radio play-cycle on the life of Our Lord, *The Man Born To Be King*; today, as the battle line moves relentlessly forward, the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation is sponsoring the same series. An Anglican, and prominent in the Malvern Conference, Dorothy Sayers' theological acumen is less widely known than her detective-story craftsmanship, but leaders of many religious bodies hailed with enthusiasm the careful scholarship and freshness of idiom of her radio scripts. The triumphant success of *The Man Born To Be King* must surely be known to program directors of our own chains. It is to be hoped that, having made its welcome gesture of acknowledgement of God on D-Day, the radio industry does not feel it can now get on with "practical" business.

Sinarchism Again. The March and June issues of *Inter-American*, the June 9 issue of the *Commonweal*—which was reprinted in part and commented on in the *New York Times* for June 11 have had the combined result of focusing the attention of Americans, and particularly American Catholics, on the nature of the Sinarchist movement in Mexico. The articles, one of which, especially, is detailed and thoughtful, will arouse especial interest and engender, we fear, no little heat, for two reasons: first, the implication crops up that the Catholic press in general in this country has gone all out in applauding the entire Sinarchist movement; second, while the high ideals and deep Catholic Faith of its leaders are admitted, the movement is viewed with the deep suspicion that it intends to impose its aims by force, and that those aims, splendid as they sound, have a canker of totalitarianism at their core. It seems that both points have been much exaggerated. The Catholic press, to our knowledge, has by no means given whole-hearted encouragement to Sinarchism. It has, at times, lauded the aims of the movement, but most of its articles have been a mere reporting of the structure and functioning of Sinarchism, and have

rarely delved into a study of the philosophy of the group. Moreover, most of the treatment in the Catholic press is devoted to denial of charges that Sinarchism is guided and controlled by clerical Fascists. Beyond that, the Catholic press in America has been slow to manifest interest in Sinarchism. Further, the ascertainable facts do not seem to justify somber apprehensions. Bloody revolution is expressly ruled out of Sinarchism's program and, while it is true that such an instrument may conceivably be wielded by unworthy leaders who may in future seize and distort the movement, that is true of any organization, and constitutes no charge against today's Sinarchism. The element of secrecy that surrounds it is not quite to our American liking, to be sure, but it is freely admitted that there is no other possible way for it to function in contemporary Mexico. It seems fair to say that the ideals and aims of the movement appear thoroughly democratic and totally divorced from politics, but that social conditions have forced it to use methods which may be, though they do not have to be, judged to smack of totalitarianism. This seems to be the only verdict that can be handed down at present.

Triphibious. It is news of the "man bites dog" order when American purists bewail the bad influence of English importations upon the American language. Mr. Churchill, normally a well of English undefiled, is the author of the word (if the purists would concede it to be a word) "triphibious." Certainly something was needed; we had the thing itself—attacks by land and sea and air—but the English had no word for it. The step from "amphibious" to "triphibious" was fatally easy; and Mr. Churchill took it, while all the world wondered. Or did it? Or, again, was the Prime Minister so guileless as he seemed? The wide-flung English-speaking peoples have taken too much in their stride to be bothered by a trifle like "triphibious." Nonchalantly forgetting that to the Greeks the Protagonist was merely the First Actor (to be assisted by the Deuteragonist and the Tritagonist), we have set the protagonist and the antagonist at loggerheads. Though hamburgers have usually been innocent of any association with ham, we have gone on to "cheeseburger" and "nutburger." There may have been, as we hinted above, a touch of guile in Mr. Churchill's bold coining. A great crisis was ahead for the nation. Now it is indispensable for the English people that in every crisis they have some hotly disputed question to act as a safety-valve for the feelings which tradition forbids them to show in the moment of national danger. Mr. Churchill's genius has given the invasion its final touch—a good, rip-snorting controversy in the press about Greek roots.

Two Pictures. The July issue of the *National Geographic* magazine, in an article entitled "Behind the Lines in Italy," serves us up two photographs, one to make us cheer, the other to make us hiss. Cheerable is the scene of a Cathedral, somewhere in the south, packed to the walls and doors with American soldiers and a goodly sprinkling of native

civilians. It is a heart-warming sight even on the static page; what must it have been to the Italians to see their own Faith so manfully professed by the liberating army? And all the more so because there was no racism in that army gathering—whites and Negroes stand shoulder to shoulder there in His house. But then we turn a few pages and see an Italian home "decorated" by pin-up girls supplied by soldiers from their copies of *Yank*, the Army magazine. Undoubtedly the other walls of the room, not shown in the picture, have their pictures of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart—those belong in Italian homes; American pin-up girls don't. Contact with American troops is bound to introduce the Italians to many American customs; we hope it will be rather to the religious Faith of our G.I.'s than to the prurience of some of them. It would be a shame to liberate Italy physically, only to fetter her, even ever so little, to vulgarity and naturalism.

China and Rural Life. The National Catholic Rural Life Conference's headquarters in Des Moines was visited recently by the Rev. John T. S. Mao, the Chinese Procurator of the Vicariate of Nanking. Father Mao gave one reason for the ability of the Chinese to resist the Japs so long. It is, he says:

...because her people are living on farms. If China, like so many other countries, had been completely industrialized, she would have been destroyed; in an industrialized nation, when factories and equipment are destroyed, the people are destroyed. An enemy cannot destroy farms. Where farms exist, the farmers exist. Only land is indestructible.

That statement may cause us to be a little thoughtful when we feel inclined to boast that American production is winning the war. Thank God, that production has been marvelous, but it takes more than that—it takes men, and men spring from the strength of the land. We commend, too, Father Mao's further commentary to postwar planners:

This rural-life movement is a stabilization of human life, materially and spiritually. Where there is rural stabilization, there is economic security; where there is economic security, there are the moral and spiritual facilities for cultural improvement.

Steps to help returning service men to obtain small farms after the Catholic Rural Life plan will do much to solve postwar unemployment.

Promoter of the Faith. The recent flurry of films with a Catholic background has brought its share of surprises. Thus, the critic of the London *Daily Mail*, in his enthusiasm for *The Song of Bernadette*, promises that "sooner or later Bernadette is sure to be canonized." The critic's good offices in this instance are somewhat superfluous, Saint Bernadette Soubirous having been raised to the altars in 1933. Even so, the partisanship intrigues us. Or is Hollywood, having become aware of Catholicism, determined to try its salesmanship for any likely cause, against any possible Devil's Advocate? We are ourselves interested in a couple of seemingly canonizable predecessors, but as yet God has not vouchsafed the necessary miracles without which Hollywood's most earnest efforts would be futile.

UNDERSCORINGS

THE story of the Vatican overshadowed every other phase of the Allied occupation of Rome, reports the N.C.W.C. News Service. More than 100 war correspondents were received in audience by the Holy Father, as were General Clark, members of his Staff and representatives of the British and French forces. His Holiness also granted daily audiences to hundreds of soldiers. He has not denied access to any unarmed Allied soldier who comes earnestly seeking his blessing. Interest was attracted by the automobiles bearing the Red flag, with sickle and hammer, across the hood, that frequently stood in St. Peter's Square during the day.

► Meanwhile the value of Vatican neutrality impressed the foe, for both the German and the Japanese Ambassadors and their families were given shelter in Vatican territory for the duration. Like favor had been shown Allied representatives up to the day of Rome's deliverance.

► On June 11 the Fifth Army had its solemn Mass of Thanksgiving in the Church of Saint Mary of the Angels. About 10,000 officers and men of the Allied forces filled the great Church, with the Commander and nearly a score of Generals.

► Members of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference extended their sympathy to the Bishops of France and their "profound concern for the sufferings of their defenseless flocks" in air-bombing raids. In part the message read:

The Bishops of the United States respectfully request Your Eminence to assure their brethren in France of their common and profound concern for the sufferings of their defenseless flocks. They concur in the attitude of their brother Bishops of all countries in condemning the indiscriminate bombing or similar methods of warfare which injure the innocent and helpless without the justification of military necessity.

► In Denmark representatives of the Catholic Church, the Danish National Lutheran Church, the Free Churches and the Orthodox Church are together working out a program for postwar reconstruction. Impetus behind the movement, said *Religious News Service*, came from the growing realization among church leaders of the need to take measures against irreligious tendencies that have been aggravated by the war.

► Bomber crews involved in the shuttle to Russia and back had something to say about faith. "You know," said one, "you sure get to believe in God on these flying trips." Another put it this way: "You can do more praying in the five minutes of a bomb run than in the rest of your lifetime." And another: "This business of flying will make a Christian of you just about as fast as anything can."

► The *Catholic Digest* has inaugurated a scholarship at the Marquette University School of Journalism to encourage graduate study in journalism. The scholarship, which is worth \$750 a year, will be awarded annually to any eligible graduate of a Catholic college who will complete work for the Master of Arts in Journalism.

THE NATION AT WAR

SINCE the report of last week, and up to June 15, the battle in Normandy has steadily increased in ferocity. The Allies have succeeded in landing very large forces, with imposing quantities of guns and tanks. They are throwing them into battle, and attacking everywhere.

The American troops are on the right. They were near the base of the east side of the Cherbourg peninsula; and separately on the south side of the Seine Bay east from the village of Grandcamp.

The latter force advanced southwestwardly. They first captured Isigny, and then went on to Carentan. Here they connected with the other Americans. Those who landed north of Carentan have pushed ten miles inland. In the last few days, despite furious fighting, they have made no advance.

East from the American sector, Canadian and British troops landed on a long beach extending from Port en Bessin to near Cobourg. Except for the left end, this landing has had initial success.

On its right, it soon reached Bayeux. This ancient town is only six miles from the sea, and could be covered by the great guns of the Allied warships. On the left, Caen, some nine miles from the sea, was attacked. After a week's fighting, the Germans still held it.

Starting from the Bayeux area, the British tanks struck south. They have reached points twenty miles inland, but have not been able to hold this. The present line is about twelve miles from the shore. On this sector a great tank battle is being fought over an area some eight miles square, in advance of the line solidly held. In this space, armored troops of both sides struggle back and forth, by day and night, in a violent and continuous battle.

Over all fly the planes. The Allies have been using up to 7,000 planes a day. Some fly over the battle-field, shooting and bombing enemy troops, and particularly tanks. Others bomb roads, and destroy bridges to prevent German reinforcements from coming forward. Others still go far inland, and attack air-fields, to prevent the taking-off of what planes the enemy has.

In all this frightful battle, the French inhabitants are having a most severe trial. Contrary to reports previously given, they had not been evacuated. Their towns are being reduced to dust by the artillery of the contending armies. Their sheep and cows are killed; their orchards ruined; their churches, which are old and the pride of Normandy, are burned or blown to bits. For France this destruction of the homeland is indeed a heavy cross to add to their years of misery.

The invasion of Normandy is but the beginning of other invasions to come elsewhere.

In Italy, since the fall of Rome on June 4, the Germans have not contested the Allied advance. Without fighting, they have fallen back over fifty miles to the north of Rome. As these lines are written, it appears that the Germans have now arrived at a line where they will stop and fight.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

IN an earlier column, some months ago, I had occasion to mention the rising tide of racial dissension, and spoke of it as a recognized pre-revolutionary phenomenon. Since being out of Washington a few weeks, I have been struck by the emergence of another kind of hatred, and that is the hatred expressed by so many men in the service for the workers in the factories.

There is nothing particularly new about this situation. It existed in the last war. What is new is perhaps the intensity of it. The last few years have witnessed a sharpening of social antagonisms. That goes back to the suffering and humiliations of the depression, and it was whipped to new heights by various demagogues, the Gerald L. K. Smiths and others.

Some commentators have tried to make it appear that the soldiers' and sailors' anger toward the workers is due to strikes. This is absurd on the face of it, though on the West Coast the Hearst papers try to make it appear that the strikes are a very great thing. One has only to ask a soldier where he thinks all the vast equipment of the Army comes from if the workers had not been on the job, and if strikes have been so great and so frequent as is implied.

Conversations and discussions have convinced me that this matter of strikes is not what is in the soldier's mind at all, whatever is on his tongue. The real complaint is that he should be working and risking his life for a pittance while his worker neighbor at home is getting high wages. That may not sound very complimentary to the fighter's patriotism, but I am convinced it is true. Just how many of the fighters harbor this feeling toward the worker is hard to estimate; it is the vocal ones who are heard. Nobody apparently has told these complainers about the incidence of taxes and of rising prices and deteriorating quality, and of the buying of bonds.

The Greeks used to say that the ideal nation is one of volunteer fighters and conscript workers. We conscript our fighters and leave our workers relatively free. But it is surprising how many people you meet who think the worker should be conscripted, too. These are white-collar workers, of course, for the most part. Not many workers feel that way. In fact, a great many of them no doubt feel like volunteers, too. They know the hazards of a defense-industry job, and of a postwar slump.

As I said before, I know that in Washington many Army and Navy chiefs are pretty fearful of the effect on the soldiers' and sailors' morale of this kind of economic discontent, just as they were in the last war. That accounts for their strong advocacy of the labor draft, as it is called, just so they can show the drafted fighter that the others are treated the same, and not because they think production has sagged.

So it is more than an academic question. It is rather a problem for social philosophers and statesmen alike, in a capitalistic democracy.

WILFRID PARSONS

THE GREAT INVASION: ITS INCEPTION AND STRATEGY

COL CONRAD H. LANZA

THE Foreign Commissar of Russia, Mr. V. M. Molotov, visited London in the latter half of May, 1942. Part of his mission was to secure a Second Front by having the Americans and British invade France. Russia at that time was desperately in need of all the assistance she could get. Mr. Molotov, from Russian reports made after his return to his own country, thought he had succeeded in his mission.

He did have some success. On June 8, 1942, the British Government broadcast to the French people a warning that the coastal regions of their country were likely to become more and more a theatre of war operations. These would be carried out at the most opportune moment and whenever they were judged useful. They would inevitably bring with them the gravest dangers for the civilian population, who were urged not to wait until the last moment.

Mr. Molotov, after his initial success at London, flew on to Washington. He arrived there on June 5, 1942. He wasted no time but came right to the point. On June 11, the White House issued a statement regarding the visit of Mr. Molotov:

In the course of the conversations, full understanding was reached with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a Second Front in Europe in 1942.

A few days later the British Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, arrived in Washington. Again the invasion of west Europe was discussed. What is known about this was announced by President Roosevelt at his press conference of November 7, 1942. He had invited Mr. Churchill to visit Washington at the end of the preceding May, or the beginning of June, to consider the issue of an offensive on a very large scale, which would be launched across the Channel around the middle of 1943 or, if starting in 1942, an offensive on a smaller scale, in which the problem of manufacture, training and transport would not be so great. Aided by the Combined Chiefs of Staff Board, possibilities were surveyed. By the end of June, a general agreement had been reached to postpone the attack across the Channel in favor of an offensive, more limited in scope, against northwest Africa.

The record is far from complete. But the evidence now available indicates that early hope that the invasion of west Europe could be launched in 1942 was quickly dispelled, apparently by the military advisers. It was too complicated a task even to prepare for it in 1943. It was carried over until

1944. Two full years have been available to plan and prepare.

The initial invasion has covered an eighty-five-mile front along the south side of the Seine Bay and the east side of the Cherbourg peninsula. Excellent beaches are along this coast, and this aided the debarkation of troops, guns and tanks. Other troops with lighter equipment were dropped from the air in an operation which surpassed anything in this line heretofore attempted.

The immediate objective appears to have been the seizure of the Cotentin peninsula. At its north end is Cherbourg, which is in every way suited as a major military base. Its possession by the Allies would enable men and supplies to be placed on shore regardless of the weather. If Cherbourg and the Cotentin peninsula are captured, Allied troops would be in position to undertake extensive operations into the interior. This could be either towards Paris, which is slightly south of east and 160 miles away; or southwards. In the latter case, the operation would cut off another peninsula—Brittany. This, too, has a splendid harbor in Brest, well known to many Americans who passed through it during 1918 and 1919. It would be just as useful now as then.

On June 6 Mr. Churchill, in his address to the House of Commons, described the invasion, then in its first day, as but one of several other surprises in store for the Germans. The German communiqué, which followed Mr. Churchill's declaration, interpreted it to mean that further landings in different places were envisaged. They were watching for them.

While this threat remains hanging, it is improbable that the Germans will make any all-out attacks on this and possibly the next landings. They will seek to prevent them from advancing inland, as they did at Anzio in Italy. The main German counter-attack should not be expected until after the Allies have landed most of their available divisions.

How will the Germans know when this has happened? In this way. From their secret service they have estimated the total number of divisions assembled in Great Britain for the invasion. According to the German radio there were sixty of them, of which ten were air-borne. As soon as possible after an invasion occurs, special efforts are made to capture prisoners in order to ascertain what divisions they belong to. This is "identifying" the

enemy. On the very day of the invasion the Germans thus identified six Allied air-borne divisions. If they were correct in surmising that there were only ten of this type of division in Britain, only four can be left.

In the same way, by deducting the number of divisions identified as having landed, the number yet to come is determined. Provided that the Gestapo's reports on the Allied strength is approximately accurate, the Germans can determine when the main force of the Allies has been engaged.

Can they do anything about it? The Allies have planned the invasion, in the two years that have been available, with a view to being so much superior to anything Germany can produce that no matter what their action may be the Allies are bound to win. There has been accumulated an unbelievable mass of planes, guns, tanks and other weapons and implements of war. It is thought that this is so vast that the Germans will be overwhelmed, even if the Allied losses may be very large. This possibility has been provided for, although it is hoped that it will not happen.

The strategy of the attack is to crush Germany by weight of the armament, which the factories of the United States and the British Empire have produced. There is no need of maneuvers such as Napoleon used. Napoleon did not have superior forces or weapons. He made up for it by rapidity of movements and by quick blows at vital points. It is now the Germans who are forced to trust, if trust they can, to this type of strategy. Against this the Allies' policy is to take no chances. They are to be so strong everywhere that Germany can expect defeat, regardless of where her attacks may come.

The immediate problem for the Allies is to go on with the invasion. How this will be done and where the new landings will be, is naturally a secret. Not every section of the coast of Europe is suitable for an invasion. Of those which are suitable, some are more so than others. Since the initial invasion started in France, others in the same country may be expected.

East from the site of the initial invasion, there is a seventy-five-mile stretch of coast extending from Le Havre to the mouth of the Somme River. Near the center of this sector is Dieppe, where two years ago a small invasion attempt failed. For the large invasions now being launched this is a very promising area.

Just beyond, to the northeast, is Flanders, which extends over into Belgium. This area is the closest to British ports and is on the short line to Berlin. The center of this sector forms the French Department of Pas-de-Calais, which, in preparation for an invasion, has been bombed more than any other area of comparable size. According to various reports, the Germans, expecting an invasion here, posted their strongest army to meet it.

Sooner or later, that part of France and Belgium between the Seine and Rhine Rivers will have to be occupied by the Allies. If the initial armies landed west of the Seine on June 6 can keep on going towards Paris, it would greatly assist new

Allied landings to the north and east of the Seine.

If we should invade on the west side of France, the capture of Brittany with its port of Brest would be most useful to the Allies. Most of this coast is so rock-bordered as to be unsuitable for landing large forces. Yet there are places on both the north and south coasts which are practicable. They happen to lie nearly opposite one another near the base of the peninsula.

Just south of Brittany is the port of Nantes. This is three times as far from the British coast as Normandy. It would take at least that much longer for ships and landing craft to make the round trip. Besides, the voyage would have to be in great part over the Atlantic Ocean, which is rougher than the English Channel.

An invasion in southwest France would be upon wonderful beaches on this coast, stretching for many miles. They are as fine as the Normandy beaches. Unfortunately, they have habitually a remarkably high surf which limits the possibilities of landings to just a few days when the wind is just right.

An invasion of south France is by no means impossible. The German radio commentators report that fifteen Allied divisions are right now in north Africa waiting to go ahead with such an expedition. The most suitable place for them to land would be west of the Rhone valley. However, this is far away from Berlin. If the invasion of Normandy and of Flanders should be stopped, an advance northwards from south France would tend to relieve the situation.

An invasion east of the Rhone valley, either in France or across the border into Italy, would be confronted by high mountains just back of the beach. This is the famous Riviera section. It is a pleasant land in times of peace. But crossing the mountains in war would be a difficult job—much harder than an advance through north France.

In the northern part of France there are no high mountains or deep rivers. The summer season is usually dry. There are few fences or hedges. It is possible to drive tanks or motor vehicles across country with considerable facility. In 1940, the German armies overran the Low Countries and all of the north half of France within six weeks. If the Allies could reverse this process, and drive the Germans back at the same speed, the end of the war with Germany within this year would be in sight.

In 1940 the Germans had a very large army—probably around 125 divisions. They all started off together. If the Allies could land an equally large force at once, they might be able to duplicate the campaign of 1940, in the opposite direction.

According to German reports, the Allies in their landing on June 6 employed about twenty divisions. It will take time to accumulate enough divisions on shore, with their equipment and supplies, to commence the march to Berlin on a grand scale.

At date of writing the Allies are engaged in attempting to capture Cherbourg. As soon as this task is on its way to early success, a new landing elsewhere can be expected.

WHAT KIND OF PEACE DOES THE POPE ASK FOR?

ROBERT A. GRAHAM, S.J.

NO statement of the Pope's provoked so much criticism in the United States as the address of His Holiness on June 2, a few days before the occupation of Rome. The words of the Pope were variously condemned as favoring Hitler, advocating a compromise peace, tending to weaken the will to fight or otherwise undermining our determined effort to do away with Hitlerism for good. While most of those who gave vent to their thoughts on this occasion were laudatory of the high Christian motives of the Holy Father, they regarded his words as ill chosen and certainly ill timed.

What was it particularly which aroused the criticism of editorial writers and Sunday preachers? The address contained a plea for counsels of moderation in the coming settlement. Pius XII appealed for a peace policy which would give "a well founded expectation of honorable solutions," solutions which start from the principle that wars today, no less than in the past "cannot easily be laid to the account of peoples, as such." In particular, he deplored the effects of a policy which, rightly or wrongly, is interpreted to leave no alternative between complete victory or complete destruction. This "sharp dilemma," once it has entered men's minds with its baneful influence, "is a stimulant towards prolonging the war."

All this looked to the American public like an appeal for that "negotiated peace with Hitler" which the United Nations have so emphatically ruled out. Good men are disturbed that such an apparent program of appeasement should be put out by a world leader whose opinion they have learned to respect.

It is rather curious that the Pope's appeal for a moderate peace should have attracted so much attention at this time, rather than on other occasions. No doubt the unusual circumstances of armed conflict nearing Rome, together with the imminence of the great assault on Fortress Europe, heralding the beginning of the end, made the public keenly sensitive to the Pope's message. Perhaps the words of the Pontiff struck a vein of thought which already is unsettling minds torn between instincts of vengeance and equity. At any rate, there was nothing substantially new in the June 2 address to the Cardinals on the Pope's feast-day. A peace of justice which would respect the human dignity and the rights of nations has always been the aim of Papal policy since the first days of the

war, no matter which side at the moment chanced to have the upper hand.

On September 14, 1939, the Pope enunciated the policy which he has adhered to consistently ever since:

To lead them to loyal and peaceful negotiations, on the bases, the only solid and durable ones possible, of justice and charity. . . . To lead anew the peoples today stirred up and divided toward the conclusion of a peace honorable for all, in conformity with the human and Christian conscience, a peace which protects the vital rights of each and safeguards the security and tranquillity of the nations.

The similarity of language to the most recent utterance is striking. It might be asked what other world leader, be he Hitler, Churchill, Stalin or Roosevelt, is still speaking the same words which he spoke in 1939? But at least, since these words were issued long before Hitler and Goebbels became suspect of using a "negotiated peace" for the purpose of consolidating their gains, the Pope has the right to have his words considered in their own background.

Temporarily obscured during the springtime of Axis prosperity, this aim of the Vaticano's wartime diplomatic activity has been increasingly in evidence during the past year. And if the public utterances are any reflections of the drift of the conversations which have been going on with the belligerents, it is highly probable that the Vatican has been inculcating the desirability of a peace of this same sort.

In his address of September 1, 1943, when the Allies had already landed on the mainland of Italy, Pius XII asked that all nations should have "a justified hope of a worthy peace which does not clash with their right to live and their sense of honor." In that happy event, nations less favored by the fortunes of war at any given moment might "believe in the dawning and development of a new sense of justice and cooperation among nations." In another message sent shortly afterwards to a meeting of Catholic Youth in Switzerland, November 26, 1943, he expressed his hopes for "a peace to which all concerned can honestly agree and which permits the quiet development of all." This same theme was developed at greater length in the Christmas allocution of last winter. In this address to the world, the Pope reminded his listeners that a real peace in conformity with the dignity of man and the Christian conscience can never be a harsh imposition supported by arms but is rather

"the result of a provident justice and a responsible sense of equity toward all." True peace is not the result of mathematical forces such as the sheer ability of the victor to impose his will upon the loser. Instead, a lasting settlement must take into account the basic aspirations and true needs of all nations. This theme reappeared in the latest address. In the address of June 2 which called forth such vigorous dissent there was nothing basically new.

The Pope's efforts to bring the belligerents to more moderate counsels in which respect for human rights is the watchword, have nothing in common with the position of the peace-at-any-price group. A group of misguided pacifists recently brought the Pope into apparent sympathy with their program by wide use of these words of the Pontiff first spoken on August 24, 1939, just before outbreak of hostilities: "Nothing is lost with peace; all may be lost with war." This phrase has been used to imply that the Pope would welcome peace under any conditions.

It can be stated categorically that the Vatican is against "peace at any price." The Holy Father wants a peace that is just, not just any kind of peace. He would rather have war go on than have it cease at the expense of the basic rights of peoples. If he urges a two-sided peace on the score that only then can the right bases for lasting peace be laid, he is, by the same token, against a peace which, by conceding Hitler's claims, would be in effect a confirmation of wrongdoing.

The Pope ceased urging peace publicly as long as Hitler was in undisturbed possession of the continent. The extraordinary reticence of the Vatican from after the fall of France until the resurgence of Allied power is significant. In fact, after the Christmas allocution of 1942, the Vatican Radio in a German language broadcast of December 30, reported by OWI, took special pains to say that the allocution was not only not a formal appeal to the powers for peace, but also that the Holy See was not a champion of peace at any price. From the time the last English soldier was taken off Dunkerque to the day that the Yank and the Tommy landed at Salerno, the public peace appeals of the Vatican were at a minimum. During that interval a plea for cessation of hostilities would have been put down as pure sentimentality, since Britain was not willing to surrender, and particularly since Hitler clearly was in no mind to agree to that peace which would "be in conformity with the human and Christian conscience." A just peace "to which all parties could honorably consent" requires certain dispositions in the belligerents. From Dunkerque to Salerno these conditions were non-existent. A compromise peace at that time would have resulted only in Hitler's retaining his ill-gotten goods, with every likelihood that he would use the respite to prepare for further aggressions.

This situation is explained in a Catholic International Press Agency release of November 3, 1942, concerning the visit of Myron C. Taylor to the Pope and the speculation of the world press concerning the purpose of this visit:

Even if the Holy Father makes constant efforts for peace, and leaves nothing undone that it may come about more quickly, yet he knows how hard is the clash between the two sides. Nor is he a partisan of peace at any price, but only a peace built up on the principle of truth, justice and love. Such presuppositions must come to maturity among the belligerents, and this does not happen without strength from on High.

With these conditions for a just peace in mind, it is not surprising that the address of the Pope which provoked irritation in this country nowhere suggests or advocates: 1) the retention of the Hitler Government or any front for the Nazi Government; 2) retention of stolen property, including small and weak nations acquired by deceit, force or vicious contract; 3) clemency or amnesty to all war criminals; 4) disregard of all prudent measures to keep the war-minded military from ever again influencing German policy. In fact, these measures we might well reckon as prerequisites for that just peace which Pius XII insists upon. On the other hand, the Pope's words are a clear rebuke to vociferous groups in this country which lay upon the whole nation the guilt of war.

The fact that public opinion in the Allied nations was irritated by the words of the Pontiff will not deter him from renewing his appeal in the future. He has already aroused the ire of belligerents by outspoken appeals for peace by negotiation. On May 13, 1942, the Pope asked the belligerents not to let pass any occasion that might offer an opportunity for an honest peace with justice and moderation, even if it should not correspond in all particulars to their aspirations. This appeal was so displeasing to the Fascist government that Rome Radio ELAR failed to rebroadcast this message to the Italians, a departure that caused consternation in Catholic circles in Italy.

Much has been said and written about "negotiated peace" and "unconditional surrender." There is not much point in wrestling with words which have no accepted and uniform meaning. Negotiated peace was a term of dignity before Hitler began to be suspected of plans to use it in bad faith. As for unconditional surrender, no two men are agreed on its meaning. Happily, as was pointed out in this Review last week, the radio address of President Roosevelt following the capture of Rome made it clear, with respect to Italy, that unconditional surrender does not imply the destruction of "national life to the very roots." Quite on the contrary, "we want and expect the help of the future Italy toward lasting peace."

One thing is certain, the belligerents cannot afford to take lightly the admonitions of a neutral and impartial friend who urges a peace of moderation. If a peace of vengeance contains the germs of future wars, then all those who genuinely wish for a lasting peace should listen to the advice, and not allow petulance to deafen them. "The hour of victory," the Pontiff has said, "is the hour of temptation." We of the United Nations have begun well and in a good cause. But there is no guarantee that our white plume is not in danger of being soiled by a peace unworthy of our cause.

TO TEACH DEMOCRACY WE MUST TEACH RELIGION

HUBERT HART

ALDOUS HUXLEY is not alone in having insisted that everyone, even the most thoughtless, has a metaphysics. It is not a question of having or not having a metaphysics, he observes; it is a question of having a good one or a bad one. He might have added: of having it consciously or unconsciously. For, whether one is consciously concerned with metaphysical problems or not, even, in fact, though many men deny they have any interest in such problems, each of us has a fundamental interpretation of the universe at large and man's place in it. Men live by such interpretations even when they do not think. Thus, many modern individuals who consider themselves merely agnostics or indifferent liberals and are very vague about their metaphysical beliefs, if any, live by the same principles as those who subscribe to a systematic atheism, dialectical materialism, pragmatism, positivism or to any of the other manifold varieties of naturalism—a term I shall use to include them all.

Naturalism includes all the isms which deny any reality beyond the senses. This metaphysical faith assumes that any reality other than that which we can see, hear, taste, smell and touch is nonexistent or, at best, irrelevant. For naturalists there is only matter—matter exhausts reality. If there is a reality which transcends the material world, runs the orthodox faith, it is meaningless for human life, for no one can possibly know anything about it. If any mystic or philosopher thinks he knows anything about a supernatural reality, he is merely dreaming, or guessing, or hoping, or wishing. We can safely ignore him and get down to the main business of creating the brave new "scientific" social order.

In some educational circles, to mention God is tantamount to subversive activity. Even casually to point out the obvious fact that we can not possibly talk intelligently about what education should be until we first answer the metaphysical question: "What is a man?" is to be suspected of a sinister plot against democracy.

Nevertheless, I do not see how we can even think straight about the aims of education, the good of society or democracy until we first ask and find answers to some fundamental, metaphysical questions. How can we decide, indeed, how to vote in 1944 or how to teach *Macbeth* or the interpretation of the French Revolution tomorrow if we have no fundamental premises regarding the world and man's role in it? And all such premises are meta-

physical—not, as is often sloppily supposed, merely "scientific."

This paper is for erstwhile "liberals," not convinced orthodox naturalists. It is first a plea that we become fully aware of our own *weltanschauungen* and their logical implications. If we think about them we are apt to discover a mess of contradiction or, at least, come to the painful realization that most of the issues about which we squabble are secondary issues that can not be faced intelligently until we dig down to the metaphysical substructure.

Consider guidance, for instance—this guidance which is to play such a tremendous role in postwar education. I recall a colleague's once remarking to me when I was spending a good part of the day trying to help the feeble-minded, the delinquent and badly maladjusted:—"Listen, Hart, intelligent guidance begins about ten months before birth." The colleague was a serene and honest naturalist (there is something very consoling about naturalism; it is the opiate of the "liberally" educated), who assumed what every naturalist ought to assume, that since man is solely an animal, even if a "higher" or "social" one, the only sensible procedure is to breed better specimens; and the first step certainly is to prevent the feeble-minded and the constitutionally unfit from being born.

Those naturalists who look upon the imbeciles and morons, call them "underprivileged" and proceed to fret and whine about their condition, have a logic transcending common sense. If the convinced naturalists are right, if naturalism is the only possible philosophy for enlightened, intelligent, scientifically-minded men in this enlightened, scientific age, then by Malthus or Darwin or some suitable prophet, let us direct our efforts to producing better biological stock. Let us admit that our egalitarianism is the dreariest of scientific superstitions—so much folklore. Let us get rid of the current notions that education will transform sows' ears into silk purses, morons into intelligent citizens and degenerates into socially competent members of society. The solution of the problem of classes for low I.Q.'s, for instance, if one is a logically consistent naturalist, is to be sought in the field of eugenics. What to do with that slobbering idiot that Walt Whitman said was his equal? In the name of all that is natural, murder him. As a sop to the tender-minded, call it euthanasia.

If it be argued that delinquency and degeneracy

and stupidity often have their source in faulty environment—a sixty-five-per-cent truth, at best—there is an easy answer on naturalistic grounds: so what? Why waste time, effort and respectable citizens' hard-earned tax money on trying to rehabilitate the criminal, the feeble-minded, the psychopathic? Asexualization or, in helpless cases, murder, is the efficient, economic, scientific method of solving the problem. But this is inhuman? Nonsense, the premises exclude any real distinction between human animals and others. If we want a dynamic, healthful society and wish to subscribe to a naturalistic philosophy at the same time, there should be no more hesitation about the murder of the unfit than there is about slaughtering cattle. Who is to decide who is unfit? *Whoever manages to seize the power.*

Our humanitarian activities, so far as they are concerned with the subnormal, are mere fussing at great expense in time, energy and money with symptoms while the disease rages unabated. Concern for the weak, the halt, the lame and the blind has no roots except in a metaphysics that makes each human being, from the smeared and slobbering idiot to Eleanor Roosevelt, equal in value. Humanitarianism, a queer glandular disturbance, can not flourish long in a philosophical materialism. A Hitler can recondition the glands in five years. That sentiments of good will exist at all in our country is a left-over, a kind of glandular or cultural lag, from an outlook which had as a first principle that all men are literally equal because each is of infinite value, a value incommensurable on any three-dimensional scale. Discard the metaphysical outlook and the sentiments soon go, too. That is why people out to liquidate races or classes can not endure religion.

If the liberal feels glandularly upset by the prospect of torture, cruelty and euthanasia, he had better look to his metaphysics or his glands. If he holds to naturalism, some Watson or Pavlov can recondition his glands so that the spectacle of mob bestiality will not upset him. Indeed, he may be trained to enjoy the sight as an increasing number of people in many countries do. He may, however, discover that he is harboring within him some view of the world that makes of murder a sin. He may discover that "Love one another" is a commandment laid upon all of us, not a God-forsaken social expedient heartily endorsed by Henry Wallace. He will certainly discover that his horror at Nazi behavior has only subjective roots or that his metaphysical view needs overhauling.

What distinguishes our educational principles from those of the enemy? Germany's Educational Experiment, 1933-1939 A.D., was the most successful in mankind's history. Millions of children went through the process and came out educated. Each had a skill, each was loyal to the state, each was a thoroughly competent citizen. Whatever attitudes the educators wished them to have, they had. Remedial instruction was thorough and efficient. No time was wasted. The teachers were well up in methodology. They taught skilfully and produced law-abiding, well disciplined, competent

citizens, young men and women who almost destroyed civilization. (Their like in many countries, including ours, may yet reduce the world to brutality and barbarism.) What must distinguish our education from theirs is its aim, not its methods. We must indoctrinate dogmas: all men are equal as children of God; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; the persecution of another merely because he is black or Jewish or Catholic or Quaker is sinful—immoral in an absolute sense, because such persecution transgresses an absolute, fundamental law, a law that transcends all subjective beliefs.

We must indoctrinate our pupils with these dogmas with all the thoroughness with which Hitler indoctrinated his—through teachers, books, radios and moving pictures. Every American child must have it hammered into his heart and soul and glands, as well, that men are equal.

Modern medicine has made us familiar with the stout fellow who eats quantities of food but is ailing all the time because he lacks some essential vitamin. He is a fine symbol for our overstuffed secondary education. The missing vitamin is faith in these dogmas—dogmas only in the sense that they are not demonstrable in the laboratory. They are certainties, nevertheless.

Everything we in America pray for is rooted in such a faith and, without the soil of that faith, American idealism will wither and die. Naturalism with all its allied isms—behaviorism, pragmatism, communism—is barren ground. What grows there ultimately is egotism, greed, hatred and savagery. Lincoln's common people become mobs. Such are the growths already visible here in our own America. We have already caught glimpses of the sickening specter of mob cruelty. When, after this war, the world lies exhausted once again, when millions of men, many still adolescents, are tossed back to readjust themselves to civilian roles, what then? Even if Washington succeeds in eliminating some of the economic influences that would aggravate the situation, on what basis shall we educators try to prevent mob hatreds? Explain that we are all equal biologically, intellectually, physically—that is, naturally equal? Even the freshmen know better. Shall we say that hatred of a minority is economically inexpedient or that race hatred is a trick of the capitalists to maintain their power, in the same way that class hatred is a trick of the Communists to acquire their power? Powerful dikes, these, against the tidal waves.

Actually, when adolescents have no dogmatic faith, no certainties of the sort that the orthodox of all religions have, they are ripe for demagogues of the most obscene sort. That is what we mean when we say Communism or Nazism is a "religion." We mean that the emotional and intellectual energy that for centuries had been channeled into a real religious faith, has now backed up and gone rotten. Hitler supplants God the Father. Scientific credulity—racism—supplants religious faith. The absolute state supplants the Absolute God. In fact, one of the advantages that Germany and Japan had

over their enemies so far as morale was concerned was their intense, if perverted, fixation on a tribal deity.

We need the God of the Jews and the Christians. Our country is not dedicated to the proposition that religion and education are separate, let the liberals prate as they will about the separation of Church and State. There is no likelihood of serious intolerance among us teachers who are religious. The division to be recognized is that between those who have religious faith on the one hand and naturalists of all varieties on the other. The deepest issue that faces mankind today is that between naturalism and supernaturalism.

If we are concerned to save American traditions, we must teach as thoroughly and efficiently as Hitler's teachers did. But our aim will be to have all our charges know that men are equal because God made them so. Where they taught scientific folklore, we shall teach religious dogma. Catholics, Jews and Protestants can be at one in this, for Catholics, Jews and Protestants share this dogma: the equality of men as children of God. This is the democratic dogma. Without it as a foundation, democratic idealism collapses, though we pass a thousand pious resolutions.

was serving twelve destitute, in honor of the twelve Apostles, an astonished and frightened servant came to tell her of this wonderful light in one of the rooms of the house. She hastened to see, and called others. Priests and prelates and finally the Pope, John I, came and, prostrate in prayer, he saw two angels who deposited in his hand a small enamel picture of exquisite workmanship, representing the Virgin and Child, on a background of deep blue, surrounded by a tracery of golden trees, with two white columns and an arch, above which are seen the heads of the Apostles, Peter and Paul. The Pope blessed the kneeling crowd with the little picture, and a deadly pestilence which was raging in the city suddenly ceased.

This is the legend, and legends are not Articles of Faith, but something extraordinary and miraculous happened there, long, long ago, even if time has somewhat distorted the facts. Since then, the names of the Popes and the history of Rome have gathered around this shrine, and when pestilence, earthquakes and wars and invasions have menaced the City, Santa Maria del Portico has always been invoked by the Romans, implored with a great voice—as if they saw her present—as "Surety" of their City.

Gregory VII, in 1073, at the time of Canossa, dedicated the new church. When the Turks were menacing Europe in the sixteenth century, Leo X, the splendid Pontiff of the most beautiful period of the Renaissance, went barefoot in a penitential procession, as the picture was carried to the Vatican. So on other occasions did Paul III (in 1537) and Clement XI (in 1709). In 1703, when a violent earthquake shook Rome, Clement XI bid the Roman Senate, in the name of the Roman people, make a perpetual vow of fasting on the eve of the Feast of the Purification. And such is the universal devotion to Our Lady under this title that, from 1749, special daily prayers are said in this church for the conversion of England, for which James III, the last of the Stuart line of Kings, left an endowment.

And now, in 1944, when for months total destruction menaced Rome, annihilation in the true sense of the word—a repetition of Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry, Stalingrad, Berlin, Montecassino—Our Lady, the Surety of Rome, put out her gentle, powerful hand and stayed the fury of destruction at the very gates of Rome. Once again, she has made herself responsible for the safety of the Holy City, so that the weak of faith may touch with their finger the truth that "what Mary guards is well guarded," and to demonstrate to a doubting, scoffing, material-minded world how much the great Mother of God loves Rome and the Romans, how much the Romans, through the centuries, have loved her in return, and what a precious heritage has been transmitted to them from generation to generation.

May the American boys who have now been privileged to go to Rome, the cradle of Christianity, bring back to the New World an ever-increased devotion and love to her whose beauty, power and tenderness are centuries old and ever young.

OUR LADY, SURETY OF ROME

CAROLA MacMURROUGH

AT THE CLOSE of the month of May, on the Feast of the Most Blessed Trinity, on a lovely morning in June, while the church bells ring for early Mass and a pearly light bathes the Eternal City, American troops enter the gates of Rome, Porta Maggiore, Porta San Giovanni, Porta San Paolo. After months of wearisome struggle, death lurking on every inch of the ground to be conquered, suddenly, as they enter Rome, all fighting ceases.

Who has opened the gates thus and guarded Rome from awful destruction? She Who is the "Surety of Rome," Mary Queen of Heaven. For over fourteen centuries, she has been called "Surety of the Roman Gates" and made special Guardian and Protectress of the City, in all public and private calamities. Under this title she is venerated in the old church of Santa Maria in Campitelli, in a beautiful shrine above the main altar.

The story of the miraculous picture dates back to 524, when, the legend tells us, it appeared in a mysterious splendor of blinding light in the house of a patrician lady, Galla, at the Portico d'Ottavio. She came of the old and noble family of the Anicia and, having become a widow while still very young, dedicated her life to the poor. While she

A CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN VISITS OUR GERMAN PRISONERS

STEPHEN A. LEVEN

ON MAY 7, the Associated Press carried a digest of a report from the Army saying that there were 183,618 prisoners of war in the United States. Of these 133,135 were Germans, 50,136 Italians, and 347 Japanese. They were being held in 203 camps located in forty-one States.

In June of last year the writer was appointed by the Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, to be the official representative of the Catholic Church in providing for the spiritual needs of prisoners of war in the Oklahoma prisoner-of-war camps. The appointment was motivated by a letter from His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, expressing the concern of the Holy Father for the spiritual and material welfare of these unfortunate men.

At that time there were only a few hundred prisoners in the State. That number increased in the next three months until more than sixteen thousand were confined in nine camps in various parts of the State.

All these are Germans. Nearly all are enlisted men. Only one of the camps has a small group of officers. The prisoners were nearly all taken in the North African and Sicilian campaigns. Most have been interned for more than a year. They come from all over Germany and represent practically every class and condition of life.

It has been the policy to visit the camps of the State every six weeks or two months, making contact with the Commanding Officer and the Chaplain in each camp and speaking also with representatives of the prisoners and many individual prisoners.

One of the first activities of these visits was to present a radio, in the name of the Holy Father, to the prisoners in each compound of every camp. These were the personal gift of the Holy Father himself, and were paid for by him. In nearly every instance they were the first radios in the compounds.

When the writer approached the Commanding Officers to ask permission to make these presentations, all were most cooperative. The enthusiasm of the recipients was very touching. For most, the radios furnished the first entertainment and the first dependable source of news. The prisoners are not permitted short-wave sets, but they may listen to any program broadcast on the standard-wave lengths.

Not many broadcasts in German are heard in

these parts, but there is much German classical music. For the news, some who can understand English issue bulletins after the newscasts. What seems to please them most is the occasional word of an Allied check or reverse. Criticism of the President or of military leaders pleases them also. They were at first amazed to hear so much music from the pens of German writers. When the anti-Jewish program got under way in the Third Reich, one of its earliest manifestations was the banning of music written by Jews.

There is little appreciation of boogie-woogie or hillbilly music. Appreciated least of all are the advertisements. These men are not in the market for hand-lotions or dog food or laxatives or the like. Told that these commercials provide the revenue enabling the radio to remain independent of state control, they can understand why Americans endure them. No other country has an independent radio.

When the camp at which the writer serves as Civilian Auxiliary Chaplain was activated, it was possible to establish contact with the prisoners immediately on their arrival. In many instances it was possible to be of service both to American officials and to the German prisoners as an interpreter.

Since this was the first activation of the camp, there was no canteen service set up for the prisoners before their arrival and it soon became evident that one of the great desires of the men was to have smoking tobacco. Through a check from the Most Reverend Bishop, it was possible to present each prisoner with a package of Bull Durham and a folder of cigarette papers. More than 2,600 such gifts were made. It is maintained that the prayers offered for the Bishop after that occasion brought about his recovery from what seemed a mortal illness.

Those who know nothing about religion in Germany except what they glean from the movies and the columns of sensational magazines are always surprised to learn that there are still Christians among the Germans. This is, of course, no surprise to those who read Catholic newspapers and reviews and who know of the magnificent stand of the German Catholic Bishops and Protestant leaders against Nazi oppression.

It is none the less gratifying to know that unofficial estimates in most German prisoner-of-war camps show that 48 to 53 per cent declare them-

selves to be *Evangelisch* (the equivalent of our "Protestant"), 35 to 40 per cent profess to be Roman Catholics, and only the 10 to 15 per cent remainder affirm no religious affiliation or declare they are *Gott-Gläubig* (God-Believers) in about equal numbers. The *Gott-Gläubig* are also sometimes called "Rosenberg's boys." They affirm belief in God and the need of prayer but they vigorously repudiate all Jewish influence in religion, even that of Christ.

That so many have remained even nominally Christian is no small matter. There is a large segment in American religious life for whom "profession" rather than church attendance is the norm of religious affiliation. One wonders whether such would remain faithful in the face of such persecution as has been endured by the Catholics of Germany.

The problem of providing the Mass for those who wish to attend has not been easy in any camp. In only one prisoner-of-war camp in the State was there a Catholic Army Chaplain for a short while. At the present time there are only Protestant Chaplains.

In some of the camps there were German priests among the prisoners from the very beginning. These were not Chaplains in the German Army, though the policy was to have an official Chaplain in each German Division. The priests were members of the Medical Corps. They carried their credentials and served in much the same capacity as the American Civilian Auxiliary Chaplains. Their work was directed and in some measure co-ordinated by the official Division Chaplains. Through transfers, an effort has been made to provide a prisoner-of-war Evangelical minister and a prisoner-of-war Catholic priest for each large camp.

At the moment of writing, there is at least one German priest in each large camp of the State, but there are workers' camps and sub-camps which must be attended by civilian priests. In one instance the Benedictine Fathers from Shawnee have driven more than two hundred miles each Sunday since September to serve the Catholics in one camp. Because of the great interest of the Most Reverend Bishop and the charity of religious and secular priests of the diocese, every camp has had Sunday Mass since shortly after its initial activation.

The German priests the writer has encountered are all zealous and earnest young men. They have the Faculties of the German Military Ordinariate and they are also given the Faculties of our Military Ordinariate. They do incalculable good, since they share the life of their fellow-prisoners in every particular. They are not obliged to go out on work details, but they are subject to the same restrictions as other prisoners, since they were acting as common soldiers in the German Medical Corps. Their life is not easy, and yet they are cheerful and try to be satisfied with their lot. Only to God can all the good they do be known. Much fruit is quickly apparent, but even more will appear when the prisoners return to their homeland.

As might be expected, not all who call themselves Catholic offer Sunday Mass and receive the Sacraments regularly. The percentage of those who do varies somewhat from camp to camp, depending on whether the priest who serves them can win and hold them, whether the hour and place of service are convenient, whether the undercurrent of ever-present opposition from the ungodly is strong or circumspect, and other even more intangible factors. In the camp which the writer serves, 35 to 50 percent is the average, which mounts to 75 and 85 percent on special feasts such as Christmas and Easter. All the Chaplains with whom I have had occasion to speak agree that the Catholic percentage of attendance at religious services is considerably higher than it is among the Protestant prisoners.

Those who are good Catholics are usually very good. All the priests who work with the prisoners are impressed by the examples of understanding and living Faith which they encounter daily. The seed of Christianity is well planted even though martyrdom has seldom been to the shedding of blood. There is no priest, no matter how great his personal inconvenience, who has not felt his work well worth while among these war-transplanted men.

A civilian priest working with the prisoners seldom meets those who are not well disposed. He cannot fail to observe evidences of their activity. Even though he may feel that God's work is flourishing, he is seldom able to forget that the Devil, too, goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. This is less disconcerting to an American priest than to the Germans. Our own bigots still seem to have the edge. Among the German prisoners in these camps, the opposition is at least not found among those who claim to be followers of Christ.

Some of the opposition's tactics are amusing. Monsignor Sheen's statement that he and every Catholic priest prays for Joseph Stalin after every Mass was used to prove the constant assertion that Catholic and Communist machinations are fundamentally one. It broke like a fragmentation bomb in some of the camps. "Political Catholicism" is the charge into which the opposition's propaganda twists such statements.

One achieves the conviction, however, that the cause of God and the cause of the Church are steadily advancing. The charity of the Holy Father, manifested by gifts to all the prisoners at Christmas time, his constant solicitude for their welfare, the practical and frequent gifts of the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the War Prisoners' Aid of the Y.M.C.A., the example of the American Catholic and Protestant clergymen serving "the enemy" and "the enemy's" participation in their services are all manifestations of practical Christianity which no amount of counter-propaganda can dim. No doubt many will not be re-won to God and the Church, but many others will thank God that their sorrow in exile and their suffering in war brought them back to Him.

ROADWAYS

JUST why the street cleaners of Rome should come to mind right now and their picturesque devotion to Our Lady of the Road, it is difficult to say. Perhaps it is just part of the flood of memories that rolls in with the relief of Rome's escape from destruction.

They are not quite so mechanized as our own efficient sanitary departments, these street-sweepers of Rome. They carry small brooms and small shovels and a basket over one crooked elbow. On their feast day of Our Lady of the Road, they form a quaint procession as they proudly carry the implements of their honorable trade and march in a body into the church of the Gesu to pay honor to Our Lady of the Road.

They ask her, no doubt, to help them keep the roads spotless and uncluttered, straight and true and clear for the traffic of her children on business or pleasure. This year, perhaps, when they prayed to her they thought of all the wreckage on all the roads of Europe, on all the roads of the world—wreckage of man-made things and man-wrought wreckage of God-made men. They may have thought of refugees hiding by the roads, eager to escape from suffering yet afraid to use the roads that lead to safety, or using roads only to find them blocked and escape stopped.

The human wreckage of war, and little people living in torment when roads are blocked, must surely be the care of Our Lady of the Road. She would approve of all the efforts being made to bring more and more persecuted, harried minorities along the road that leads to escape and safety. We doubt that in times such as the present she would want us to think overmuch of red tape and restrictions, or laws, normally necessary and good, which would condemn Europe's persecuted to continue living in the blackness of persecution when a way of escape could be found.

Having been once herself a refugee on a long trip to Egypt, Our Lady of the Road must have a special pity for our refugees of today and for all those whom war has set wandering over the face of the earth. One other uncomfortable journey she made, the trip along crowded roads to a crowded Bethlehem and at the end of that journey she brought forth the Prince of Peace.

Mother of the Suffering One, she traveled the bitterest road that mother ever trod, the road to Calvary. At what seemed the end of the road, she saw shame, suffering and death. She knew, alone in all that watching crowd she knew, that Calvary was not the end. Beyond Calvary (as beyond every calvary) the road stretched on to the Resurrection—to joy—to triumph.

Surely Our Lady of the Road will, if we ask her, take care of our soldiers inching their way along the bristling roads of France, along the jungle paths and trails of the Pacific, over the sea lanes and the air lanes. Our Lady of the Road, if we call upon her, will set our feet in the road of lasting peace.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

REVERSING the conviction of a native American and the denaturalization of a German-American in the face of strong Federal charges of disloyalty, the Supreme Court, on June 12, upheld the legal right of citizens to indulge in criticism of the Government and its policies, even foolish and immoderate criticism.

Elmer Hartzel, born in Pennsylvania and a veteran of World War I, had been the author of articles which were, in the words of the Court:

Vicious and unreasoning attacks on one of our military allies, flagrant appeals to false and sinister racial theories and gross libels of the President.

Carl W. Baumgartner had been offensively pro-German in many of his utterances, to the point of antagonizing his fellow-workmen.

The Supreme Court found that Hartzel's writings did not constitute the attempt to promote insubordination in the armed forces or to obstruct recruiting that are required for conviction under the Espionage Act of 1917. Baumgartner, it held, was entitled to the expressions of his opinions, even "foolishly and without moderation." And, added the Court, "such is the contradictoriness of the human mind that the expression of views which may collide with cherished American ideals does not necessarily prove want of devotion to the nation."

Freedom of speech is not merely a precious individual liberty. It is a constant and profound social need in a democracy. The purpose of the free-speech clauses, says Cooley in his *Constitutional Limitations*, is to prevent

any action of the government by means of which it might prevent such free and general discussion of public matters as seems absolutely necessary to prepare the people for an intelligent exercise of their rights as citizens.

War does not abrogate this privilege, but renders it more essential. When the national temper is high, unpopular opinions are in danger. Yet it is precisely in time of war that a government needs most watching, both in its conduct of the war and in international relations. Short of what Mr. Justice Holmes has called "a clear and present danger" to the war effort, we shall wisely endure foolish and immoderate utterances in order to preserve the right to serious and responsible criticism.

KEEP FEPC

SENATE opponents of the Fair Employment Practices Committee have been making another attempt to abolish this agency; this time by cutting out the appropriation of \$500,000 allowed by the House for the coming fiscal year.

If this move is successful, peaceful industrial relations in America will receive a severe setback. In the words of Archbishop Lucey, of San Antonio, Texas:

Any citizen who is opposed to the perpetuation of this great work automatically takes a stand against peaceful labor relations, against the practice of justice in economic life, against honest working people who will stand defenseless before the ruthless power of unscrupulous employers.

And not only, we may add, of employers. At the very time when American troops were breaching Hitler's Atlantic Wall, fifteen thousand men were idle in the Wright airplane plant near Cincinnati, despite the protests of union leaders, and only a trickle of airplane engines was coming off the assembly line—because seven Negroes had been assigned to a plant section hitherto reserved to whites. We have not heard that the bloody beaches of Normandy were marked "For Whites Only."

Testimony before the FEPC last Fall revealed that agreements between the Railroad Brotherhoods and southern railroads were aimed not merely at preventing upgrading of Negroes, but at squeezing them out of positions they had traditionally held for fifty years. With a shortage of 850 firemen on American roads, experienced Negro firemen were idle, and untrained white men were being broken in, not infrequently by Negroes.

Called upon to desist from their practices, the railroads flatly challenged the FEPC's authority. A bi-partisan bill (Dawson-Scanlon, H.R. 3986) has been introduced, to give the Committee statutory authority. The present Senatorial move, by quietly strangling FEPC before the bill gets out of committee, might well put an end to its work.

The cause of FEPC is favored by a large number of groups, such as the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Catholics will be making a substantial contribution to social justice if they make clear to their Senators and Representatives what their mind is on this matter.

CHANGING THE RULES

APPARENTLY inspired by the Montgomery Ward case, the National Labor Relations Board is contemplating a radical and far-reaching change in its procedure. Heretofore the employer, except in cases involving a jurisdictional dispute between two unions, has not been permitted to petition for an election to determine representational rights under the Wagner Act. The Board now suggests that this rule be changed to permit employers involved in a controversy before another Federal agency to ask the Board for an election.

It will be remembered that the immediate cause of the Montgomery Ward case was a representational question. Sewell Avery, head of the Chicago concern, denied the right of Local 20 of the United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employes to bargain for his workers on the ground that it no longer represented a majority. When the case came to Washington for judgment, the War Labor Board, obviously straining to respect the legalities, attached an unprecedented condition to its order directing a temporary extension of the old contract. That condition was a stipulation that the union, within thirty days, petition the National Labor Relations Board for an election.

In the course of the regrettable events which followed, it seemingly occurred to NLRB that if an employer who doubted whether a union any longer represented his employes were permitted to ask for an election, the War Labor Board might escape the kind of dilemma it faced in the Ward case. That dilemma consisted of a choice between two possible violations of the Wagner Act. If WLB ordered Wards to deal with Local 20, and Local 20 no longer represented a majority of the employes, it was denying the right of Ward workers, guaranteed by the Wagner Act, to determine their collective-bargaining agent. On the other hand, if the Board agreed with the Company and refused to recognize Local 20 as bargaining agent, it was clearly invading the jurisdiction of NLRB, which has sole rights, under the Wagner Act, in all representation cases, and which, moreover, had recognized Local 20 as the bargaining agent at Wards.

That this problem, which may arise more frequently now that Montgomery Ward has demonstrated the technique, would be effectively solved by permitting the employer to ask for an election is obvious. But it seems equally obvious that the new policy might also lead to a "wave of petitions by employers intent on delaying *bona fide* collective bargaining, and thereby unquestionably provoke strife and turmoil with a terrifying impact on war production." In every case where it is forced to deal with an unfriendly employer, the union would have to drop everything during the final months of a contract to engage in a full-scale organizing campaign. The emphasis on production would become emphasis on organization. Old suspicions would be revived and whatever cooperation had been achieved would be instantly destroyed.

It is true that employer witnesses at the hear-

ings minimized the fears of labor spokesmen and denied that industry would start a "wave of petitions." They intimated that the latter were seeing ghosts under the bed. But Mr. Sewell Avery is no ghost. Or if he is, then a certain picture, which was reprinted up and down the land, is the slickest piece of spiritualistic skulduggery ever perpetrated on the American public.

Nor is the announced intention of NLRB to accept only such employer petitions as are "reasonable" much more reassuring. To determine the reasonableness of an employer petition, some kind of investigation will have to be made, and this is bound to be a protracted and unsettling procedure. Both unions and employers will carry every decision of an examiner to the Board itself, and while this litigation is in process, conditions in the plant will be seriously disturbed. Unions will not sit back and hope for a favorable decision from the Board. The first move an employer makes to petition the Board will be the signal for launching an organizing campaign.

While sympathizing with NLRB's attempt to succor a fellow Federal agency, we doubt the wisdom and necessity of the means selected. To change the rules in the middle of the game is never a wise procedure, unless, of course, the change is clearly seen to be necessary. In the present case, the necessity is by no means obvious. If workers want to change their union, or do away with it altogether, they themselves can take the necessary steps. Inaction on their part ought to be regarded by WLB as ground for presuming that they are satisfied with their present bargaining agent and that it really represents them. A contrary contention by the employer ought simply to be disregarded.

ACT ON PUERTO RICO

AS matters stand now, it is probable that Congress will vote itself a vacation without having taken any final action on S.R. 1407, a bill to amend the Organic Law of Puerto Rico. This bill, which embodies recommendations of the President's special committee, is laudably aimed at giving the Puerto Ricans a larger measure of self-government (AMERICA, November 13, 1943). On February 15, after the inclusion of some questionable amendments, it was sent to the House and referred to the Committee on Insular Affairs. There the bill now reposes, and there, unless the interested public exerts some pressure, it is likely to repose until the time for action has passed.

There are two very important reasons why Congress ought to pass this bill without further delay. The first is that we owe the Puerto Ricans some restitution for the mess we have made of their affairs. The second is that the sincerity of our pleas for a new deal in colonial policy will be doubted until we have responded to the appeals of our suffering subjects in the Caribbean. Whether we know it or not, colonial peoples the world over are watching our Puerto Rican policy. To save our moral prestige abroad, Congress must act at once.

RELIEF IN ITALY

WITH the Senate's voting an \$800 million appropriation to UNRRA, that organization comes back into the news after too long a period of comparative silence. When the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration was set up in September, 1943, there was high hope that it would be ready to take over in the liberated territories of Europe just as soon as the AMG should succeed in establishing order.

Almost half of Italy has now been liberated, and there is little sign that UNRRA is ready to move in. This is due in no small degree to checks it has met at home; funds have been slow in forthcoming; various relief groups have not been able to coordinate their work under the supervision of this United Nations instrument; partisan politics have sanded the gears.

Meantime the AMG, which, according to all reports, is doing a fine job of feeding the civilian populace of Italy, finds its work increasing with every additional square mile of freed soil. Unless UNRRA can move in soon in force, the Army will be faced with the super-human task of continuing indefinitely a presumably temporary job.

Fortunately, the Army has had the good sense to make use of agencies which it found on the spot. Reports from Rome say that General Edgar Erskine Hume, U.S.A., senior civil-affairs officer of the AMG and head of the Civil Administration of Rome, is making use of the extensive and efficient relief facilities established by the Pope. This Vatican service has been feeding 40,000 people a day, thus relieving enormously the task of caring for Rome's two million inhabitants. It is to the credit of the Army that it has not yielded to the temptation to become high-handed and run the whole show.

UNRRA's successful organization here and efficient operation abroad will depend largely on kindred cooperation. Relief agencies such as the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A. and others will have to subordinate their individual ambitions to United Nations planning. The British Government has already taken such a step; some forty societies interested in relief have been brought into formal relationship with the UNRRA and with each other through the Council of British Societies for Relief Abroad. We know of no such steps taken here.

When such coordination comes, as it must, it will be imperative that the Catholic organizations be as strongly represented as possible. Some steps in that direction have been taken: Polish-speaking women, for example, are being trained in some universities and colleges for welfare work in liberated Poland. But we cannot afford to be behind-hand in having trained groups ready to move into Europe with the UNRRA when the way is clear.

It is significant that the two sections of Europe thus far freed are Catholic—Italy and Normandy. Is this a Providential hint that American Catholics, who owe so much to Catholic Europe, have the duty of being ready—and trained—to help Europe to rebuild itself?

LITERATURE AND ART

CHILDREN OF THE SAINTS

SISTER LEO GONZAGA

GENEALOGY has suddenly come alive. *Collier's* for December 11, 1943, ran two full pages of photographs of beautiful women, for the obvious purpose of emphasizing their lineage. Margaret Sheinski's Lithuanian-Japanese ancestry, Mina Duncan's Chinese-Irish, and Abigail Leialoha Leong's Hawaiian-Spanish-Chinese-Japanese-English-German-Scotch family trees are attracting attention. Miss Leong appropriately dubs herself "The League of Nations Girl."

As we read in Saint Matthew and Saint Luke the genealogy of the Prince of Peace, we develop a new interest in our own ancestry. For us the Book of Tobias puts it succinctly: "We are the children of the Saints!" Twice in this fascinating human-interest story we find the statement. Tobias senior reminds his wife Anna: "Speak not so: For we are the children of the Saint!" (2, 17-18). Their son exhorts Sara, whom he is soon to make his wife: ". . . arise and let us pray to God today, and tomorrow, and the next day . . . for we are the children of the Saints" (8, 4-5).

Measured even by twentieth-century standards, the technique of this story is flawless. Note the unity of impression, the rapidity of movement, the naturalness and effectiveness of the dialog. Note the dramatic incident (I, 16-7) which also characterizes the story:

And when he was come to Rages, a city of the Medes, and had ten talents of silver of that with which he had been honored by the king; and when among the multitude of his kindred he saw Gabelus in want, who was one of his tribe, taking a note of his hand, he gave him the aforesaid sum of money.

Here is the earliest reference to a promissory note which becomes the nucleus of the other episodes in the story.

Tobias' blindness is the *raison d'être* for his wife's becoming the prototype of the modern woman wage-earner (2, 19):

Now Anna his wife went daily to weaving work and she brought home what she could get for their living by the labor of her hands.

She is flesh and blood (3, 23ff):

And when they [her son and Raphael] had departed, his mother began to weep and say: Thou hast taken away the staff of our old age, and sent him away from us. I wish the money for which thou hast sent him, had never been. For our poverty was sufficient

for us that we might account it as riches that we saw our son.

And when her husband reassures her, his trust in Jehovah is communicated to her.

The story is Shakespearean in its dramatic power. No sooner is the main plot set into motion than the secondary one is begun. The narrator (through two chapters and up to 3, 7) presents the title character; then immediately after that supreme act of resignation that has echoed down the centuries (3, 6): ". . . now, O Lord, do with me according to Thy will . . ." shifts the scene adroitly, and sets the second plot in motion (3, 7):

. . . it happened on the same day that Sara, daughter of Raguel in Rages, a city of the Medes, received a reproach from one of her father's servants.

Throughout the rest of the narrative, the scene shifts from the home of Tobias to that of Sara; the journey of the son and his angel-guide is an indispensable link.

Here in Tobias' advice to his son is the prototype of Polonius' advice to Laertes (*Hamlet*: I, 3, 57-82); of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son*. These immortal verses embody the laws of the Decalog, the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, and the Golden Rule itself (4, 16):

See thou never do to another what thou wouldst hate to have done to thee by another.

Reverting to the link between the plots, let the reader follow on from Chapter 4, verse 20. The father concludes:

Bless God at all times; and desire of Him to direct thy ways that all thy counsels may abide in Him; and sends the boy on the errand that is to end so providentially and happily for all:

Now inquire how thou mayest go to him (Gabelus, "I have a note of his hand") and receive . . . the money, and restore him the note of his hand.

The apparently coincidental meeting of young Tobias with the Angel adds two comments on genealogy (5, 6): ". . . whence art thou, good young man?" But he answered: 'of the children of Israel.' Satisfied he has found a guide his father will approve, Tobias leads him to the home: The father immediately requests (5, 16): "Tell me of what family or of what tribe thou art." The reply of the angel is as crisp as we often hear from a young man about to marry a girl his family disapproves (5, 17): "Dost thou seek the family of him thou

hirest, or the hired servant himself to go with thy son?" But at once to reassure the father he adds: "I am Azarias, the son of the great Ananias," and is at once accepted: "Thou art of a great family. But . . . be not angry that I desired to know thy family." The promise then made by the Angel, Tobias did not forget: "I will lead thy son safe and bring him to thee again safe."

Then comes that expression, so appropriate especially at the beginning of a new year, of a new life, or when wishing a friend *bon voyage* of the French, the *Adios* of the Spanish, or the goodbye of the English-speaking world: "May you have a good journey, and God be with you in your way, and His Angel accompany you."

The son implicitly trusts the guide his father has approved, and so begins that adventurous travelog. Quite casually the young man stops at the river to bathe—but what an experience is his! Moderns may refer to this as just another fish story, but what results has modern medicine achieved from this first divinely directed experiment! The Angel's directions are as clean-cut and specific as those Jehovah used in directing His people; as those Christ Himself used to His apostles:

Take him by the gill and draw him to thee. . . . Take out the entrails of this fish and lay up his heart, and his gall, and his liver for thee; for these are useful medicines.

And so modern medicine has its first lesson in using the entrails of the fish. Another lesson—the preservation of food for future use follows (6, 6):

. . . he roasted the flesh thereof . . . of the rest he salted as much as might serve them till they came to Rages, the city of the Medes . . .

The reader is not permitted to forget that the travelers have a definite goal. But Tobias is a normal youth, full of curiosity. Quite naturally he asks (6, 7): "What remedies are these things good for, which thou hast bid me keep?"

Deliberately and carefully the Angel guide explains. The young man undoubtedly wondered at the power of the heart to drive away evil spirits; and that of the gall as a cure for "the white speck" in his father's eyes, but he obeyed the guide. Later (11, 13-14):

. . . taking the gall of the fish, anointed his father's eyes . . . and a white skin began to come out of his eyes like the skin of an egg.

(One of the rare similes in the story, but an effective one. Doctors and nurses tell us today that the cataract removed by a skilful surgeon does resemble a white film, here compared to the "skin" from the inside of an egg-shell.)

Another natural question comes from the youth (6, 10): "Where wilt thou that we lodge?"

The guide had so planned that Tobias would lodge in the home of his future father-in-law. The young man learned from his duly authorized guide that this was the time for action, to ask for the hand of Sara; to use the heart of the fish as directed to drive away the evil spirit; to leave future generations an example of Christian courtship and marriage which the Church has incorporated in her liturgy for the nuptial Mass. Even as Sara and

Tobias rose to pray and recall their lineage (2, 17), the reader is not permitted to forget that Sara's father is a practical man (8, 11): ". . . about cock-crowing Raguel ordered his servants to be called for, and they went with him to dig the grave." This time he would be well prepared for Sara's latest victim.

But what a surprise greeted the anxious parents! They expressed their gratitude in the hymn of praise—a bit of beautiful poetry in the story (8, 16-20): "We bless thee, O Lord, God of Israel. . . ." and the practical Raguel (8, 20) immediately commanded his servants to fill up the grave before it was day; ordered the wedding feast prepared, and then made a will in writing, giving Sara her dowry.

But even at the zenith of his success and happiness in winning his wife, Tobias did not forget his duty to his parents. Raphael is sent on to collect the money and to invite the kinsmen to the wedding. When he arrives, he greets the young man in those words repeated in every nuptial Mass (9, 9):

The God of Israel bless thee . . . and may you see your children's children unto the third and fourth generation."

So, too, the verses (7, 15: 8, 19) form the *Introit* of the nuptial Mass: "May the God of Israel join you together."

Of course the story has a happy ending. The elder Tobias lived on borrowed time; the nuptial blessings are fulfilled; the son lives to see his children's children, and with them rejoice in the Lord and praise Him for His infinite goodness to His faithful servants. The Angel Raphael reveals himself as the messenger of the Most High when those he has served would have rewarded him for his services.

Obviously, this book was loved by the early Christians, otherwise why should they have carved on the walls of the catacombs the loved figure of the young Tobias with his traveler's staff and his inseparable dog?

One might suspect that this book of Tobias is considered apocryphal by those outside of the Catholic Church because the supernatural is too evident: "the spirit world around us" is too convincing for Martin Luther's followers.

It is more than "a folk-tale . . . which emphasizes strict observance of the Law, the practice of charitable deeds, and piety." The title character repeats the advice previously given, foretells the fall of Nineveh, and warns his son to leave the city as soon as he has fulfilled his last filial duties to him and his mother.

With all perfectly "resolved," as Shakespeare did so well centuries later in his best dramas, the story concludes. Tobias and Sara saw their children's children to the fifth generation, and the reader may happily conclude that, at the age of 99, Tobias proudly turned to his faithful wife and repeated those words he had so long ago spoken to her in her father's house: "Arise, let us pray to God today, and tomorrow, and the next day . . . for we are the children of the Saints."

BOOKS

CONTEMPLATED POETRY

DRINK FROM THE ROCK. *Selected Poems from Spirit, A Magazine of Poetry.* The Catholic Poetry Society of America. \$1.50.

MY contention for years has been that some of the finest poetry appearing in the country has graced the pages of *Spirit*. The fact, I think, is too clear to need belaboring; the reasons for it are not far to seek. If it be true that any art is an ordered making, then it seems to follow that all art connotes discipline, the managing of material according to some norms. Hence, if one has definite norms in living, then, supposing that his skill with his artistic tools is workmanlike, his making will be higher art.

Now, the poets represented in this splendid anthology have undoubtedly skill in handling their tools. The mechanics of poetry—rhythm, rime, imagery—are all here as well and masterfully used as in any contemporary verse. If, in addition, we add that most of these poets are Catholic, we touch the double reason for the high excellence of all the verse in this volume.

There is little need to dwell on individual poems. That would be simply to manifest my own predilections, though I cannot refrain from saying that the last poem in the book, *Song of the Khaki Christ*, despite its slightly too-obvious imitation of *Lepanto*, is alone worth the price of the volume. Less robust than this, but totally admirable, are such poems as *Esther*, *For a Child Who Died*, and *Photograph*. But there, I run on into individual praise, when all the selections deserve it.

Dr. Helen White has contributed a superb Introduction, which AMERICA had the honor of publishing as its literary article for March 25. It is more, far more, than a mere curtain-raiser for the selections. It is a study of the main trends in American poetry and of the specific purposes of the Catholic Poetry Society. Those purposes were perhaps most succinctly summed up at the Tenth Anniversary celebration of the Society held in New York last month. Fr. John S. Middleton, professor of philosophy at Dunwoodie Seminary, spoke of Saint Thomas' too-little known passages on poetic knowledge and insisted that the ideal of the Catholic poet must be contemplation—a contemplation of himself, of nature and of God.

All the poems in *Drink from the Rock* seem impregnated with that contemplation. The Catholic Poetry Society is achieving its aim. In so doing, it has raised immeasurably the standard of American poetry.

A last word. Only my knowledge of his Christian modesty prevents me from naming the Editor of the Anthology and Secretary of the Society. He deserves well of Catholic letters.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

PLASTIC SOLUTION

A TIME IS BORN. By Garet Garrett. Pantheon Books, Inc. \$2.50

FOR a full lifetime, Mr. Garrett has been writing about man's arrangements for producing and distributing wealth. From this wide experience, he has distilled one of the remarkable books of the year—a book that actually combines expert, technical knowledge of economic history with beauty and felicity and literary style. And that is a rare combination, indeed.

Like all thoughtful people, Mr. Garrett is aghast at the destructive potentialities of mechanized warfare. While he is too well-read to believe that wars arise from purely economic causes, he holds that if man were "re-

leased from the dire idea of economic necessity, he would be perhaps less likely to involve himself in total war." The important question, therefore, becomes, can modern nations be freed from economic necessity? The author thinks that they can. Indeed, he thinks that already, if men but have the wit to see it, the answer has been found. It has been found in the laboratories of the world where scientists have laid the foundations of the future in the fairyland of plastics.

To understand this answer, it is essential to understand the nature of the economic necessity which has driven the world to war twice within a quarter-century. This necessity, Mr. Garrett says, is born of the machine, and its nature is twofold. In the first place, the products of the machine must be sold, and sold at a profit. This is the necessity of markets. In the second place, the machine must be fed, and its appetite is voracious. This is the necessity of raw materials.

With regards to markets, the first law of the machine is that "cost is a function of quantity." The greater the quantity of things produced, the lower is the cost. Hence the urge toward quantity, or mass production. But mass production tends to outrun effective demand. It leads to surpluses, and surpluses destroy profits and the whole system breaks down. To avoid this, to escape the effects of a saturated domestic market, nations look abroad. They acquire colonies and spheres of influence. Competition between individuals becomes competition between states. Economics is taken over by politics, since a nation's industry and shipping are seen to be just as essential to its security and expansion as its army and navy.

The second necessity, the necessity of feeding the machine, leads to imperialism, too. The raw materials of industrialism are not evenly distributed over the world. Some nations have more than others, but no nation has enough to be satisfied. In the scramble for new sources of raw materials, every industrial nation, rich or poor, avidly joins.

This was thought to be the intelligent way to organize the world. Some countries would produce machines and be finishers of raw products. Other nations, since they were better fitted naturally for this work, would produce raw materials and exchange them for the products of machines. By this arrangement, everyone was supposed to be benefited. But it did not work out that way. It was soon seen that the standard of living in the raw-material-producing nations was always lower than the standard in the industrial nations. Then began that diffusion of technology which has upset international trade and made the world a shambles. Think of the trend toward autarchy during the decades between the wars, of the intensified nationalism, the breakdown of international finance—and the rise of industrial Japan.

Is there no solution? Must the industrial nations continue to cut one another's throats for trade that has become profitless? Must we again lend money abroad which can never be repaid, as we did after the last war, so that foreigners will be able to buy our goods? Must half the world be hewers of wood and drawers of water?

Mr. Garrett thinks not. For the chemist has learned how to work on the *inwardness* of matter, that is to say, he can change its molecular structure. He can take vegetable oils, alcohols, air, sunshine, land and water—and make rubber and nitrates and petroleum and many other things which are necessary to an industrial economy. The machine need never go hungry again. It can exist anywhere in the world. It can lead to a new order in which self-contained regions will have lost one of the great urges to war. Economic necessity will not disappear, but the conflicts it will tend to generate will be domestic, not international and racial.

Without depreciating this hopeful vision, it might

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be asked whether a more favorable economic atmosphere will make a great deal of difference if men continue to be greedy, materialistic and lustful for power? And may not the miracles of the test-tube lead to ever more terrible techniques of destruction? And anyhow, what force in the world is going to smash the power of those who have a vested interest in the present industrial set-up, or of those who hold tight control, through cartel devices, over the new era of plastics and light metals?

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ESPIONAGE DE LUXE

PRESIDENTIAL AGENT. By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press. \$3

IN *Presidential Agent*, the fifth, and possibly the last but one of the Lanny Budd saga (Mr. Sinclair gives the reader a certain hint to this effect on page 584, where astrologer Reminescu foretells for the playboy hero an appointment with Death at Hongkong, presumably just after Pearl Harbor) the author continues the trend established by *Dragon's Teeth*, the third and Pulitzer Prize volume, and confirmed by its sequel, *Wide Is The Gate*. The accent is now definitely Dumas père, with a little dash of Dumas fils, instead of Zola cum Romans; and this seems a fairly remarkable phenomenon in that the author is the only Liberal thinker turned fictioneer one calls to mind offhand in either English or American literature who is an unabashed romanticist, not ashamed to hang his hat on the same peg with Sir Walter's Tory Tam-o'-Shanter rather than alongside John Stuart Mill's mortuary Victorian stovepipe.

Here his progress from pamphleteer to romancer reverses the pattern of Wells, his closest contemporary analogue, in combining English fiction with sociology. Not that the characteristic Sinclair ideas are missing, including the anti-Catholic bias; and there is the usual Sinclair slant on recent history, wherein disagreement need not preclude admiration for the skill and consistency with which said point of view is slanted.

But on the whole the reader's attention centers on the counter-pointed intrigue at which Franklin D. Roosevelt's *Presidential Agent*, No. 103, bests the men of Berchtesgaden and the Parisian Cagoule. The quest for Trudi in the dungeons of the Château de Belcourt is especially breath-taking; one might have thought that the two previous volumes had exhausted even Mr. Sinclair's bag of tricks in this regard, but he has another nothing short of infernally clever Monte-Cristo shot in his locker that, for all it smacks of *Mandrake the Magician*, ought to take an honored place among the stage effects of the dungeon.

The familiar cloud of witnesses to our disintegrating world turns up again, with not a few additions to the crowded cast, the most considerable of these being the American President. Mr. Sinclair goes farther even than Thackeray in his reluctance to let his characters pass out of our ken; they merely "pass over," and then proceed to return, more diverting than ever, through the cranky agency of Tecumseh, Madame Zyszynski's Amerindian control. Mr. Sinclair's preoccupation with the occult becomes increasingly apparent, and all to the good so far as his fictional vitality is concerned. Moreover, he appears to be getting a glimmering of the sinister potentialities of what George MacDonald once finely described as "the canaille of the other world," for he has Lanny wonder: ". . . could it be that this malicious old personality was deliberately destroying Madame as a medium, the source of his own being? Was she really the source, or could he wreck her and then go off and enjoy himself elsewhere?"

It is amusing evidence, too, of the infinite ingenuity of the man that he can organically knit his own and Lanny's interest in Spiritualism with Der Führer's cognate trafficking to provide a new and useful lever for the plot—a lever, by the bye, which, one guesses, may be moved in the succeeding volume to motivate the Hess flight to Scotland. But one wonders why Lanny feels

so apologetically that Tecumseh and the spirits are "a hard pill for a Marxist to swallow." Any religion offering such concrete empirical proof of its premises as the taffy-pull consistency of ectoplasm ought to be an easy pill for a Marxist to swallow, and it is a matter of historical record that both in Britain and France nineteenth-century Socialism was bound up with Spiritualism. Victor Hugo had an extended whirl at *les tables tourantes*; the Fabian Society owes its very name to Frank Podmore, an eminent member of the Society for Psychical Research, and held its early meetings at the house of E. R. Pease, another member of that same society.

Spain remains his King Charles' head. There is something to be said for his stand (less, however, than he imagines) and if we must differ, let it be as gentlemen. Chesterton, who died before the savage conflict, would have understood why Mr. Sinclair sardonically entitles one chapter: *Spain's Chivalry Away*; he respected and opposed the opinion of those persons "to whom it is senseless to talk about a flower of chivalry; it sounds like a blossom of butchery." But we can all agree with his view of Adolph Hitler, and we might fittingly apply to this polemicist turned Scheherezade in his hale old age the *bon mot* Lanny choked back in the compromising presence of Hilde, Flurstin von Donnerstein: "He had been on the verge of saying that what Adi had done was to provide Hollywood with plots for a thousand years."

CHARLES A. BRADY

PEOPLE, STATE AND CHURCH IN MODERN RUSSIA. By Paul B. Anderson. The MacMillan Co. \$2.50
THIS book is dedicated to the understanding of Russia, and to the hope that this understanding may grow and become increasingly mutual and solid. The three elements of modern Russia, from which the title of the book is drawn, are working as vital components to the forging of a great world power. Mr. Anderson, who is Secretary of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A., writes sympathetically and informatively on a subject familiar to him since 1917.

The changing attitude of Stalin towards religion, as evidenced by several unprecedented moves such as permission for the election of a Patriarch, is explained by the author from the viewpoint of Socialist ideology. The Government's position ought not to be called either appeasement of religion, nor expediency, nor even strategy. It should be recognized as a practical working out of the dialectic process—welcoming or even stimulating the growth of various forces which, by their interaction, result in a product favorable to the development of "Socialism in one country." But, as Sorokin has recently remarked, it is the law of revolutionists that the innovators gradually come back again to the starting point and even claim that they wanted only to purify the elements they at first had set out to annihilate.

The visit of the Archbishop of York to Moscow has prompted the author to give a timely and documented account of the attitude of the Orthodox Church towards non-Orthodox Churches.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM

LADIES NOW AND THEN. By Beatrice Fairfax (Marie Manning). E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.75
IN this delightfully charming autobiography, Marie Manning reveals the other half of Beatrice Fairfax's dual personality. She regales the reader with the triple story of her life as one of America's top newspaper women; the career of Beatrice Fairfax—the advice-to-the-lovelorn editor—whom she created under Arthur Brisbane's direction on the old New York Journal; and her own pioneering activities in the fight for women's rights and women's suffrage.

In Chapter I, the author tells how she met Arthur Brisbane, while still at school in Washington, at a dinner party at which she "filled in" for a classmate. She sat next to the famous newspaper man, who by way of conversation said to her: "If you think you'd like to do newspaper work, come to see me the next time you're in New York." So she did just that upon finishing school, and thus her newspaper career began.

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As Beatrix Fairfax, her daily column was phenomenally successful and popular. Letters were received by the thousands, and to all she applied the potent solvent of just good common sense. As the wife of Herman Edward Gash, she returned to Washington and to private life but, to recoup her losses from the "Paper Riches" of the stock market, she took up her Beatrix Fairfax column again, and from her Washington home she also covers Mrs. Roosevelt's press conferences for INS and writes a service column for the *Washington Times-Herald*.

ANNE STUART

MOTHER BUTLER OF MARYMOUNT. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3

SOME years ago, Katherine Burton aptly titled her biography of Hawthorne's youngest daughter, *Sorrow Built a Bridge*. She might just as happily have chosen as title for her latest biography "A Mother General of Ships and Trains," for in *Mother Butler of Marymount* Mrs. Burton has given us the busy life story of Mother M. Joseph Butler, the fifth Mother General of the Congregation of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

The future Mother Butler was baptized Johanna at Ballynunney, Ireland. At sixteen she journeyed to France and joined the Congregation she was later to govern as General. Superiors assigned her to Portugal, where she showed that administrative genius that in 1903 directed her to the United States. Here, through her untiring energy, she established school after school for the Catholic education of girls. She became the Foundress of Marymount, near Tarrytown, N. Y., and lived to see it grow from a purchased estate to a leading girl's college of the United States. In 1918, Mother Butler signed her naturalization papers. Then, in 1926, came Mother Butler's election to the Mother Generalship. She has the unique honor of being the first American Superior ever elected General of an international Congregation of the Catholic Church. During the decade and a half following her election, Mother General Butler need yield no mileage to Eleanor Roosevelt. For this nun boarded ships and trains, establishing foundations of her Congregation in Portugal, England, Brazil, Ireland and Rome—fourteen in all—while in America Mother General Butler started almost as many Marymounts as she did in those foreign countries. Throughout this religious Odyssey, Katherine Burton has skilfully woven in the sanctity of this holy woman, whose ambition and lifework was to educate girls to be gentlewomen, ever loyal to God's law. *Mother Butler of Marymount* is the well written story of the valiant woman of the Scriptures, set in a twentieth-century surrounding.

NEIL BOYTON

FRANCE REVIEWS ITS REVOLUTIONARY ORIGINS. By Paul Farmer. Columbia University Press. \$2.25

THE modern world is concerned today more than ever with the importance of the French Revolution and with its far-reaching effects on French and European unity. In spite of a voluminous historiography, critics in the past century and a half have not been able to agree on the significance of the Revolution. The author has chosen the historiography of the movement as the basis for his study, but has limited himself to a review of social forces controlling leading historical accounts. He gives us, therefore, a picture of the development of French national life since the Revolution, and has considered historical works in four general groups: those published before the Third Republic; those published during the struggle about the Republic, including Taine, the Opportunists and Sorel; those published under the Imperial Republic, including Aulard, Madelin, Jaurès and Cochin; and lastly, those published as the Republic grew older, including Mathiez, Gaxotte and contemporary republicans.

An excellent bibliography and index make this scholarly volume a timely addition to the English library of students of world affairs. However, being intended for specialists in history, it will not hold the interest of the average reader.

PIERRE COURTIINES

ART

"ART IN PROGRESS," the title of the exhibition now at the Museum of Modern Art, is a trifle ambitious for what is shown. This is the Museum's fifteenth-anniversary exhibition and the idea, evidently, was to make this a comprehensive showing of various phases of art activity. The exhibition fills three floors of galleries and includes painting, sculpture, architecture, industrial design, dance and stage design, photography, posters, films, circulating exhibitions and art for young people. Perhaps this was too much to attempt.

The painting section is the best in artistic quality, and the works of the modern French variety, collected by James Thrall Soby, constitute an exceptionally fine group. It includes canvases by Van Gogh, Gauguin, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne and Renoir, down to comparatively recent works by Chirico, Léger, Picasso, Matisse, Kandinsky and others. Not only is this group exceptional, but it makes the German Expressionists and contemporary Americans look underdone or, as in the case of the Expressionists, heavy with an undigested artistic and intellectual content. A contrast to this exists in the canvas by Chagall, which is a particularly beautiful painting in the expressionist manner.

There is a delight about gallery painting of this superb kind, evolved by the School of Paris, that recalls what I experience from piano music of the highest type. This pleasure is quite independent of any pictorial representation. What there is of representation has been used only as a basis for an esthetically and emotionally exciting arrangement of form and color. There are, therefore, no literal echoes of experience, or memory, such as satisfy so many people when they look at art of a more illustrative kind.

The sculpture section is more of a unit as regards quality, there being none of that feeling of marked artistic disparity between works by the Germans, Lehmbruck and Barlach; the Frenchmen, Despiau and Maillol; and Americans, such as Epstein, Zorach and Flanagan, which reveals itself in the painting section. The inequalities are more like variations on a common plane. The architectural section, however, rests too much in the shadow of an early venture of the Museum, the exhibition of so-called International Modern Architecture in 1932. It is, as a consequence, largely devoted to architectural modernism of that immature and self-conscious type which has characterized the American response to European influences.

The contrast to this sophomore predominance lies in the things of Frank Lloyd Wright that are shown, which have the full-bodied architectural and esthetic content which sets him so completely apart from his contemporaries. Mies van der Rohe is, fortunately, represented by an American work, a building for the Illinois Institute of Technology, where he is conducting what appears to be the only vital architectural school now in existence. His building exemplifies the superior taste, sense of vital form and intellectual clarity usual to this distinguished architect and student of Thomism.

The balance of the exhibition covers more ground than lies within the space possibilities of this column. The Industrial Design Section is exciting, not so much for what has been done with it as for what it portends for the future of all architecture and art. The new industrial techniques, largely developing around airplane construction, are producing not only efficient structure and form for air use, but a resulting beauty of form that was prophetically indicated in the work of the Rumanian sculptor, Brancusi. The problem that faces all artists is how to again achieve resulting form rather than to continue the use of imposed form, and industrial engineers seem to be pointing towards the realization of this great end.

BARRY BYRNE

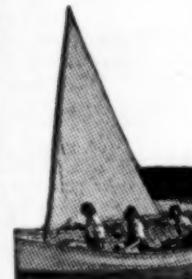
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THAT OLD DEVIL. Since the first of September, the New York Theatre has offered us almost eighty new plays. Of these, eight were very good, more than a dozen were conspicuously bad, and the rest of the output was one to which the general public, having much sounder taste than it receives credit for, showed itself largely indifferent.

So we all sat up and took notice when we were told that J. C. Nugent was putting on a new play of his own, with himself in the leading role. Mr. Nugent is the worthy head of a fine old stage clan, and he has given us in the past, in addition to his fine acting, seventeen plays, of which some were conspicuously good. We expected a happy interval of real enjoyment when his play came on; but the bad news of the present month is that we did not get it.

My own tendency, when I am considering the work of an established playwright who knows all the tricks of the theatre game, is to look about for someone else to blame if his play proves disappointing. There is usually a director on whom one can turn a suspicious eye, but when Lodewick Vroom put on Mr. Nugent's new play at the Playhouse, the author was his own director. I had to look for someone else to blame. I have finally fixed on Mr. Nugent's brilliant son Elliott as the responsible person for the play in its present condition. According to his proud parent, Elliott dropped in at the Playhouse during rehearsals and helped to get the production ready for the unsuspecting—but this time not too long-suffering—public.

That is the point at which Elliott should have led Dad firmly into the wings and told him frankly how bad his play was. Instead, judging by appearances, Elliott must have spared Dad's feelings and let the play go on as it was. The result is that the older Nugent, who is a tired man and justified in his fatigue after his life of hard and good work, was too tired and too close to the play to get a clear, objective realization of its defects.

Some of these, at least, could have been smoothed out or omitted. One can't tear a play to pieces while it is in rehearsal, but I am personally condemning the son who was too kindhearted to tell Dad the truth and then do what he could to save the play. Of course, Dad (who, I admit, does not seem an amenable type) may not take kindly to suggestions; but the chances are that he would have accepted some of Elliott's, at least, and would have got over his resentment in time. As it is, a good company and a play that could have been saved with the right editing by young Mr. Nugent, will both go off the New York stage, I predict, with considerable suddenness.

I am not going into the plot. It is too old and unworthy. But the setting by Paul Morrison and the costumes by Johnnie Johnstone are very nice. As to the acting, Luella Gear, the leading woman, can always be counted on to develop any comedy there is in her lines, but she hadn't much chance in *That Old Devil*. Neither had her young associates, Agnes Doyle and Michael Ames, the engaging young lovers who had been married all the time that local gossip raged around them and conjectured nothing but the worst.

As for the scene in which Mr. Nugent makes love to three different women neighbors, and each succumbs to him in turn, that is the first scene son Elliott should have cut out. But, in justice, I must not forget to mention that Matt Briggs, Ruth Gates, Ruth Gilbert, J. Colvill Dunn and the rest of the cast did all they could with their roles. I am disappointed, however, in son Elliott. So far as I can see, he had his chance but didn't do a thing to help his poor, misguided father.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST. Oscar Wilde's play about a ghost who wandered through an English castle for three hundred years has received quite a face-lifting, since it has been very much modernized in this screen version, managing, nevertheless, to retain some of the humor and pattern of the original. Margaret O'Brien is teamed with Charles Laughton and Robert Young in another one of her versatile, appealing performances. The child's ability and charm has full play in the role of Lady Jessica de Canterville, mistress of the ancient castle where a troop of American Rangers is quartered. According to tradition, one of her ancestors was sealed up alive because of his cowardice in a duel, then condemned to walk the corridors of his home until released by the brave deed of a kinsman. After all these years that descendant turns out to be no less a personage than one of the American Rangers assigned by a fluke of fate to the castle. Mr. Laughton is delightful as the not always phantomlike Sir Simon, while Mr. Young gives a pleasant, natural performance as the relative from over the seas. There is laughter in this whimsical bit of fantasy. *Grown-ups* will appreciate its subtle comedy while the children enjoy its more obvious fun. (MGM)

AND THE ANGELS SING. An introduction reports that "these angels didn't have harps, didn't have wings," and it does not take the audience long to realize that this is absolutely true. Neither have they anything else to keep a film going for almost two hours. The angels are four sisters from a small town who wish to follow different artistic careers but, instead, land in a big New York night club as entertainers. Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler handle the nonsensical roles, while Fred MacMurray plays the hero, who is in reality as big a heel as the screen has presented in quite a time. He is a band leader who double-crosses anyone and everyone by means of his manly wiles, playing one sister against the other to serve his purpose until the inevitable Hollywood ending, with everyone on celluloid happy. As entertainment this is dull, inane stuff, not worth anybody's time and, in addition, it must come under the listing of *objectionable* because of the injection of a suggestive song and dialog. (Paramount)

SECRET COMMAND. Pat O'Brien has a role that he can really put his teeth into here, as the Government agent on the scent of sabotage in a shipyard. Melodrama and some hectic fights run rampant as spies and counter-spies meet and attempt to outwit each other. Most of the Federal agent's time is taken up at the yard where the Nazis have plans for wholesale destruction, but he manages to cram in some romance with an attractive Federal accomplice in the person of Carole Landis. Though the story follows a familiar outline, the production offers an interesting angle in the scenes of a gigantic shipyard at work turning out our battle-wagons. *Adults* will be mildly satisfied by this action story. (Columbia)

WATERFRONT. Nobody, including the audience, will take this would-be-spy story very seriously. Though the cast includes two such familiar celluloid menaces as J. Carroll Naish and John Carradine, the material they have to work with is slim and ineffectual. Set in San Francisco's waterfront, the activities of a Nazi spy ring are revealed with their final apprehension by the F.B.I. This unimpressive run-of-the-mill material will probably not evoke any rousing cheers from the *adults* who see it. (Producers Releasing Corporation)

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PARADE

ON June 3 (just three days before the genuine invasion of France began), a young English girl set a large part of the world on its head. . . . Employed in the London bureau of the Associated Press, she was on June 3 punching out what she meant to be a practice bulletin so that she would be ready when D-Day arrived. . . . She thought the teletype machine was disconnected but it wasn't. . . . Her practice message read: "London, June 3: General Eisenhower's headquarters announced tonight that Allied forces had landed in France." . . . At 4:39 p.m., June 3, the practice flash appeared on the AP's direct London printer in New York and was relayed immediately throughout the United States and Latin America. . . . Newspaper offices seethed with excitement rare to behold. . . . The giant radio chains interrupted their programs and spread the apocryphal bulletin everywhere. . . . Loudspeakers boomed the announcement to the nation's ball parks. Games stopped. Players and spectators stood in prayer. . . . Race-track announcers ceased talking about horses and blurted out the misleading news to awed throngs. . . . In South-American cities, newspaper sirens were sounded and frenzied throngs swarmed through the streets. . . . Quickly, however, the error was caught, so quickly that no newspaper printed it. . . . At 4:44 p.m. came the flash killing the error, and the multitudes were at once given the true state of the case. . . . No one had been allowed to remain in error for more than five minutes or so. . . . The girl responsible for the hubbub issued this statement: "Please tell the American people how sorry I am for that false alarm. Ask them please to forgive me. I did not mean to do it."

Four centuries ago, an apostate priest named Martin Luther set a large part of the world on its head. . . . He punched out a false dispatch which read in effect as follows: "The Catholic Church is not the one true Church of Christ." . . . This fallacious message got, so to speak, on the air, and was relayed to Europe, to the Americas, to vast stretches of the earth. . . . The un-sound announcement started enormous upheavals in human society, as conflicting sects and elaborate educational systems, based on the spurious message, crept over the earth and spread confusion everywhere. . . . Whole peoples changed their way of life and fashioned a mode of living founded on a false announcement. . . . Spiritual poisons flooded human society and the noxious flood carried divorce, birth control, abortion, religious indifference into countless homes. . . . As the firing of even a small pistol in a valley will sometimes start a huge, devastating avalanche, so the spitting forth of the fallacious announcement by Luther set off a colossal cleavage in Christendom. . . . Slowly, but nevertheless surely, a united Christendom was split asunder. . . . No correction came from Luther. . . . He did not write: "Please tell the public how sorry I am for that untrue message I sent out. Ask them please to forgive me." . . . The people were not left in error merely for five minutes. . . . It has been for four centuries.

If the spurious announcement shot out by Luther had been rectified as was the false announcement transmitted by the London girl, the world would not be in its present miserable situation. . . . Secularism—the system which organizes and operates human society as if there were no God—would never have attained the crushing sway it now possesses. . . . God's law would be influential in international dealings. . . . A united Christendom would girdle the globe. . . . Not improbably, most of the world would be Christian. . . . But the flash from Luther was never killed. . . . And the far-flung effects of that dispatch constitute one of the major reasons why the world is in such trouble today.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

REPORT FROM THE FRONT

EDITOR: I want to speak out my hurt feelings, and the feelings of other Chaplains I have spoken to, about an article that appeared in *Time* recently, quoting a Jesuit Chaplain to the effect that most of the Chaplains (Catholic) were malcontents at home or problem children for their Bishops. Wherever in the world he got that idea is more than I can figure out. I have met most of the Catholic Chaplains in this neck of the woods and I must say that they are as fine a group of priests as I have ever had the pleasure to be associated with.

And as for the men, I talk with men of all denominations as they come in here, injured. I make it my business to inquire about the Catholic Chaplain, and it makes my chest swell with pride to hear them say of almost every priest they mention: "He is the finest Chaplain in the Army." One boy said: "The last war had its Father Duffy; this war it's Father Fenton." I know from these boys the work the priests have done and are doing in the front lines.

I don't know what my reputation was at home, but I always felt that I, at the minimum, was an ordinary run-of-the-mine priest, doing my work fairly well and certainly not a pain in the neck to my Bishop. And I want to say right here and now that I feel I have done more for Almighty God in the last eight months (since I have been in combat) than I did in five years at home. Of course, the opportunities were present to do a great deal of good. I had men right where I could handle them—confined to their beds. But I have every reason to think that most of my efforts will result in permanent cures. Maybe I am a bit egotistical, but you can't blame a fellow for feeling that way after twenty years' experience.

Somewhere on Duty

ARMY CHAPLAIN

APPRECIATION

EDITOR: Congratulations on the series by Father Benjamin Masse entitled *Economic Liberalism*. AMERICA is doing a splendid bit of work in keeping correct ideas of social thought and action before its readers.

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(REV.) EDWARD J. CLEARY

ROSARIES FOR OUR BOYS

EDITOR: In several issues of AMERICA there were letters concerning the need of Rosaries for our boys overseas. Many were the plans; and they were all very good. Nothing must be left undone to help get Rosaries to the armed forces.

Here is another suggestion. Rosaries out of cord may be made. The beads are simple knots. These knots are made by winding the strand of cord around the index finger and passing the end of the same cord through the loops thus formed.

Thousands of these cord-Rosaries have already been sent to the boys. The Young Ladies' Sodality of Boston's Holy Trinity Church have done noble work in this regard.

Directions and diagrams for making cord Rosaries will be sent to any one or to any organization for the asking free of charge. Address a card to

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JOSEPH M. MOSES

MIRACLE PROGRAM FOR CHAPLAINS

EDITOR: Please accept this reader's congratulations on the article, *Radio's Miracle Program*, by William A. Donaghy. The writer has caught and conveyed the vibrant spirit of this "Voice of the Apostleship of Prayer": The Sacred Heart for the World; the World for the Sacred Heart.

Here in New England the Program is going out on thirty-two stations for 130 broadcasts each week.

We often hear requests from our priest-Chaplains for books, etc. This regional office has available a library of Sacred Heart Program transcriptions ready for shipment to any Chaplain. Already the Program is being broadcast every day to our wounded men by means of the Public Address System at the Naval Base hospital in San Diego, Cal.

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M. HALE, S.J.

HOSPITAL-SERVICE PLANS

EDITOR: Might not the cooperation you suggest in a recent issue—between the Mayor of New York and the State Medical Society, as to health plans—better take the form of pooling the plans of medical societies with the non-profit hospital-service plans, functioning successfully in many States for a decade of years. These bill-paying cooperative mechanisms have eased the burden of the payment of hospital services for low-income groups. Economically sound, as well as socially beneficent, they give complete services to single persons, or to families and their dependents, including maternity.

By adding to them the new surgical benefit, the payment of surgical bills of low-income groups will be assured. These surgical bills are the largest of all, especially in the catastrophic cases. Why by-pass the means to make at least a first advanced step in medical care?—for the great problem of health cannot be solved all at once.

No medical health plan in the present order of things is possible without the leadership of the medical societies. They have for a long time in many States properly enjoyed delegated State power over medicine. They were set up in the public interest with a status of quasi-public organizations, having supervisory power, with correspondingly high obligations to the public.

Hospital-service plans, with their millions of enrollees, keep inviolate the traditional relationship of physician and patient. Here is a barrier to threatening changes that the doctors fear, which would be very bad for them, for hospitals—particularly those organized in religion—and for all of us. Why cannot the two interests charged with the same duty, the care of the sick, get together and solve their joint problem?

Milwaukee, Wis.

HENRY V. KANE

PRE-INDUCTION TRAINING

EDITOR: My congratulation to Brother Nathanael, C.F.X., for his article, *The Education of a Soldier-to-Be*, in the issue of May 20. It is encouraging to encounter such an understanding and hard-headed approach to the problems of Catholic boys in the Army or in the shadow of induction. Catholic educators should familiarize themselves with Army conditions so that the lads coming in will be fore-armed. Brother Nathanael is "on the ball."

E. R. S.,
Mississippi.

Corporal, U. S. Army

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THROUGHOUT the long season from Pentecost Sunday right up until Advent, we are under the tutelage of the Holy Spirit. He has taken over from Christ, as He took over with the Apostles to "teach them all things." The usual Sunday announcement that "today is the fourth [or fifth or sixth and so on] Sunday after Pentecost" will not be a boring, barren phrase if we remember how much we need His guidance. We need Him, as the Apostles needed Him, to instruct us in the ways of Christ, to give us a taste and a relish for the things of Christ, to give us joy in doing the work of Christ.

Three simple things, surely: spiritual understanding, spiritual appetite, spiritual joy; yet they and they alone add up to a happy life here and hereafter. Since without the aid of the Holy Spirit we cannot gain that triple gift, it might be well every Sunday as we settle down to listen to the announcements to raise a fast prayer to the Holy Spirit that He instruct us.

Last Sunday He was trying to make us realize that Christ has pity on sinners, love for sinners, an understanding of sinners. He was trying to bring us to a very humble acknowledgement that we ourselves fall into the sinner class, with some of that understanding that the Saints had (and have) when they refer to themselves as "miserable sinners." With their eyes fixed on the goodness of God and the incredible love of Christ on the Cross, it is perfectly natural that they should look upon themselves as sinners. In the light that streams from Calvary, every fault, every failing, every lack of generosity, every failure to rise to the best of our capabilities is a shameful, humiliating thing. Yet not humiliating in a weakening way. A healthy spiritual discontent with ourselves is a necessary thing if we hope to do worthwhile things for Christ.

The really hopeless person is the smugly contented person, the satisfied-with-myself-as-I-am person of whom Our Lord says through Saint John: "I know thy works. Thou art neither cold nor hot. I would that thou wert cold or hot. But because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I am about to vomit thee out of my mouth; because thou sayest: 'I am rich and have grown wealthy and have need of nothing' and dost not know that thou art the wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked one" (Apoc. 3, 15-17).

Today the Holy Spirit carries on His lesson. It is from this spiritual discontent, this admission of our sinfulness, that great things grow. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," says Saint Peter after the miraculous catch of fish; but our Lord says: "Do not be afraid, henceforth thou shalt catch men" (Luke 5, 1-11). Here is our Lord inviting poor sinful men to share in His work of saving souls, assuring sinful men that they can and will share in His Divine mission.

It is not only to the Apostles He offers this opportunity. It is to all of us. *Nobis quoque peccatoribus*, to us also sinners, He is willing to grant us as we ask Him in the Canon of the Mass "some part and fellowship with Thy holy Apostles and martyrs."

How can we share in His work? First and foremost by offering our whole day and every day "in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world," by uniting everything we think and do and say with Christ offered on Calvary and Christ offered in the Mass. We can share in His work by living that prayer in which we offer ourselves along with the bread and the wine at Mass: "Humbly and with contrite heart we beg Thee, O Lord, to accept this offering of ourselves; and so let our sacrifice be made in Thy sight this day that it may be pleasing to thee, O Lord God."

Once we realize that Christ's work is our work, and that our work can be made His, we will do what we have to do with greater generosity and exactness. We will be on the lookout to "catch men."

J. P. D.

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